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Dear Reader

Travel experts expect more than a million U.S. vacationists to head for the Caribbean this winter, thanks to the coordinated efforts of agents, carriers, tourist offices, and hotel and resort operators. For the past twenty years, this region—Bermuda, the West Indies, and Central America including Panama—has creamed off 10 per cent of all dollars spent by U.S. tourists abroad. But while its share remained the same, total tourist expenditure soared from \$348,000,000 in 1937 to \$1,155,000,000 in 1955 (exclusive of transportation charges). In 1956 the United States finally abolished the Federal travel tax on tickets to the Caribbean zone (originally 20 per cent, but later reduced progressively to 10). This should give a further boost to travel in the area.

By vigorous promotion, Mexico raised its share of the U.S. tourist dollar from 12.7 per cent in 1937 to 19 per cent in 1947, maintaining the higher proportion down through 1955, when income from this source amounted to \$260,000,000.

South America has lagged far behind in taking advantage of the U.S. citizen's proclivity for spending cash away from home. In fact, the area's 1955 take of twenty-two million dollars was two million below the figure for 1948. Of course, efforts to attract travelers have been made here and there—in 1956, for example, Brazil abolished the visa requirement for citizens of all the American republics, and Chile introduced legislation to establish a national tourist office and ease entry requirements. But the southern continent as a whole has barely scratched the surface of tourism as a business.

The Sixth Inter-American Travel Congress, which met in San José, Costa Rica, last April, specifically recommended: (1) establishment of national tourist offices in countries that do not have them; (2) construction of more hotels; (3) simplification of documentary requirements; (4) elimination of quotas and special taxes that impede tourism; (5) simplification of customs procedure; (6) construction of access roads to points of interest, parking lots, motels, service stations, and other facilities along the Pan American Highway; and (7) concerted publicity efforts.

A regional conference of the International Road Federation, held in Guatemala City November 26-28, focused attention on the revolution in tourist trade that will come when the Guatemala-Mexico border bottleneck on the Pan American Highway is broken. Guatemalan Minister of Public Works J. L. Lizarralde promised that the road will be open for traffic, though not paved, by mid-1957. Strenuous efforts must be made to provide the lodgings and services needed if motorists are to carry away a good impression.

Meanwhile, in this issue, we offer you some tips on exotic dishes you can eat, real folk art you can buy, and out-of-the-way places you can visit in the big travel year ahead.

THE EDITORS

THE WAY TO A TOURIST'S HEART

ARMANDO ZEGRÍ

I SHALL NEVER FORGET my first crossing of Lake Titicaca, from Puno in Peru to Guaqui in Bolivia, aboard the steamboat *Inca*, for it served as my introduction to the art of eating well in Latin America.

I was returning to Chile after an absence of more than ten years, traveling by way of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina. For me, the journey held all the emotion of re-discovery. Even the most familiar things seemed

Argentines take pride in succulent meat, enjoy large-scale outdoor barbecue

surprisingly new.

We left the Juliaca wharf in Puno at dusk for an overnight run. The *Inca* was a small vessel, with berths for eight passengers, and she carried a full load this trip. Once you stepped out of your stateroom, you found yourself on deck, and the limited space soon produced the effect of traveling as a family group. The steward had personally welcomed everyone aboard and made them feel at home. I jotted down his name, Inocencio Mamani. He was a pure-blooded Peruvian Indian, and you can see hundreds of heads just like his on the Inca pottery in the Anthropology Museum in Lima. He said he was a poet, and he kept an album of signatures and dedications—most of them in verse. He brought it around to my cabin to show to me and add my salutation. On one page, in the midst of a forest of flourishes, the signature "Edward, Prince of Wales" stood out boldly.

Because it was some important anniversary—I don't remember which—Mamani announced we would have a special dinner that night. All the passengers went down to the dining room together, and he assigned us our seats. There were two large tables, one for the officers and the other for the passengers.

A Spanish architect sat at the head of our table. He was on his way to a construction job in Bolivia, accompanied by his wife and daughter. On his right was an Argentine landowner returning to Buenos Aires from a business trip to Ecuador and Colombia. Next in line, a U.S. schoolteacher who was taking advantage of her sab-

Chilean ARMANDO ZEGRÍ, former war correspondent and a UN press officer in Korea and Japan, is the founder of the Galeria Sudamericana in New York, dealing in fine arts, books, and folklore.



batical leave to make an extensive tour of Latin America. Opposite, a genuine gaucho with his coltskin boots, the big belt buckle called a *rastra*, and *bombachas*, the characteristic loose trousers fastened at the bottom; a lad from Cuzco who was going to study at the University of Mar del Plata in Argentina; and me.

I had had a chance to chat with the gaucho a while on deck. He was reserved by nature and at first limited himself to laconic answers to the usual questions you ask to get a shipboard conversation started: Where do you come from? Where are you going? How do you like the landscape?

He told me he had just delivered a drove of Argentine horses in northern Peru. He said he worked on the farm of Ricardo Güiraldes' family. When I remarked that I considered Güiraldes' novel *Don Segundo Sombra* the epic story of the gaucho and the pampas, his attitude warmed considerably. In his youth he had known the famous author, and he remembered him with deep respect. He asked me to try to visit the farm, where they kept a sort of museum of Güiraldes' personal possessions, when I went to Buenos Aires.

While the first course of assorted cold cuts was being served, we asked the steward to bring us a bottle of *pisco* to make a toast for the occasion. Peruvian *pisco*, a pure grape liquor, is a concoction created to combat and conquer cold and the oppressive effect of high altitude. We offered this by way of explanation to the U.S. schoolteacher, but after one whiff, she roundly refused to taste it. She had brought a bottle of ginger ale to the table with her, from the almost full case of it in her luggage. Leery of the local water, she had stocked up on this substitute when she left the Grace Line steamer at Callao for Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, and points beyond. From Bolivia she planned to go on to Chile by rail and embark on another Grace liner in Antofagasta. She figured her supply of ginger ale would last till then.

After the cold plate, they served us a native soup with pieces of yuca and ears of that corn with huge, transparent grains that you find only high in the Andes. Then Lake Titicaca trout, beefsteak to order, dessert, and coffee.

With the libations of *pisco* and the cumulative effect of the food, conversation had become general and jolly. The Argentine landowner scarcely tasted most of the courses that preceded the beefsteak. The U.S. schoolteacher meticulously separated and set aside anything that was green leaf or starchy vegetable. Before touching the trout she asked whether it had been broiled or fried. She hated fried foods. With a gesture of horror, she rejected a renewed invitation to try the *pisco*.

"It's poison. It's poison," she repeated.

When we ordered our steaks, the Argentine declared that most people don't know how to eat. "That is to say," he added, "dinner is served backwards. Why? I can't understand it. A bad habit, perhaps, that no one has tried to correct. Serving cold salad and soup before the beefsteak makes no sense at all. If the meat is the most important course, logically we should serve it first. The soup should be left for the end, for those who are still

hungry and want to fill their stomachs with water."

The Yankee lady, in her schoolteacher Spanish, maintained it was not a question of order but one of balance. "You don't know," she went on, "what it is to enjoy a good salad as the main course of a meal. You call an assortment of cold cuts a salad. Then, without blinking, you will go so far as to combine in one single dish rice, beans, potatoes, and fried bananas. To top it off, you drink this firewater, with great jubilation. All you need is to swallow a lighted match to cause an explosion. If I'm not mistaken, most of you will die of ulcers or diseases of the liver."

The gaucho smilingly remarked that the *gringa* was really *simpática*. I suggested that the differences could



The Inca, ship that started author on adventure in good eating, steams out on Lake Titicaca

be reduced to two different systems of philosophy: one considered living and enjoying life of primordial importance, the other recognized the value of abstention with the aim of dying in good health.

The Spanish architect was a devotee of *cocido* (boiled meat and vegetables) and chickpeas Andalusian style. For the gaucho, there was nothing better than a barbecued roast, and, for something special, *asado con cuero* (roast with hide). When we explained to the schoolteacher that this consisted in cooking a lamb or other animal in the open air, over a slow fire, re-covering it in its own skin so as not to lose a single drop of the meat juices, she could not keep from exclaiming: "Barbarians!"

The student from Cuzco and I declared ourselves willing to eat anything, including U. S. salads made of grass.

The Argentine landowner advised the Spanish architect that if he had a chance to go to Buenos Aires he shouldn't miss trying the boiled dinner at the Español restaurant on Avenida de Mayo. "That's what I call *cocido*," he declared. "More meat than cabbage and potatoes. Vegetables just to give flavor to the meat and the broth just to keep it warm and juicy."

At the steward's suggestion, after coffee we all adjourned to the *Inca's* little salon on deck. The steward knew the student from Cuzco well and asked him to sing something for us. In an easy, expressive voice, the boy sang in Quechua various *yaravies* and *huaynos* of the Peruvian sierra, accompanying himself admirably on the guitar. Then typical waltzes from the coastal region. At times the steward, obviously moved, joined in with the second part.

We had lost sight of the lights of Puno and were sailing over the Andes, between sky and water, in this sea called Lake Titicaca. Perhaps the music helped to exaggerate the grandeur of the landscape, giving it an extra sonic dimension, just as the whistling of the wind seems to add to its force.

Weeks later, when I reached Buenos Aires, I did not forget the Argentine landowner's recommendation; I went to lunch at the Español restaurant on Avenida de Mayo. The waiter asked me if I preferred the *cocido* of beef or of chicken, and if some special cut was my favorite. I settled on a Solomonian combination, explaining that I wanted to try a little of everything.

While I was waiting for this, he suggested I have a drink—*clery* was the specialty of the house. It is made at the table by emptying a bottle of white wine into a jug containing cut-up fresh fruit, and then adding soda.

The restaurant was full, mostly of men. The air smelled of roast meat, with that tenacious aroma that saturates the atmosphere of certain Buenos Aires streets at noon. People entered and left. Those who remained were eating unhurriedly.

To serve the *cocido*, the waiter brought to the table an earthen casserole of the size and type used anywhere else to prepare *arroz con pollo* for at least six people. This was for two. It had everything *cocido* should have, plus distinction in quality and quantity. The beef was of prime grade, the chicken likewise. The pork sausages, the blood pudding, and the ham, just right. The cabbage, delicious. The chickpeas, tender. The *clery*, just the beverage for the moment.

After relishing a piece of practically every solid material in the casserole, I risked taking two spoonfuls of the broth, remembering the sententious remarks of the landowner aboard the *Inca*.

For dessert, the waiter recommended an omelette that, with its combination of frittered fresh apples, burnt sugar, and beaten eggs, was equal in delicacy of flavor to the Frenchman's *crêpe Suzette*.

At cocktail time at La Querencia I had a chance to see the famous El Cachafaz dance his "low-down" tango (*tango arrabalero*). The "apache tangos" I had seen in Paris and New York were not even the shadow of the dance El Cachafaz performed. This was the real thing, pure 1900. Until the day of his death some years ago, El Cachafaz held the distinction of being the most popular dancer in his field in Argentina. When I saw him at La Querencia he was around sixty years old, but he had lost none of his skill, precision, or style, and his star still shone high. Dressed in the traditional outfit of the "*compadrito*" or neighborhood tough—white kerchief

around the neck, black jacket, striped trousers, and light kidskin shoes—he wove the most intricate series of steps I have even seen in a ballroom dance. And all with the masculine assurance and aggressive posture of a fighting cock.

There are people who proudly cherish the memory of seeing Nijinsky in *Spectre de la Rose*. Without any intention of making comparisons, I confess that I am very proud to have seen El Cachafaz in action. By a providential coincidence, I had ordered a bottle of the choice old white wine of La Colina just before he came on. The flavor of the wine corresponded, at this moment, to the ritual of baptism with champagne at a ship launching.

If I am not mistaken, La Querencia was the first spot in Buenos Aires to present exclusively the music and regional dances of Argentine folklore. It is still in exist-



Open-air café provides Continental atmosphere on Avenida de Mayo, Buenos Aires

ence, but others of a similar character have joined it, such as Mi Rincón, which specializes in the *criollo* music and dances of northern Argentina, and Mi Refugio, which includes Guaraní airs from Paraguay in its variety acts, along with typical Argentine music.

The interior of La Querencia reminds you of the Spanish musical cafés. It has a platform in the middle, a kind of open stage, with compact rows of tables around it. Although you can order dinner there, most people come principally to drink and to enjoy the songs and dances of country and city. The tango alternates with the *chacarera* and native guitars with piano, violin, and accordion combos.

You can understand a people best if you observe how they amuse themselves. In their intimate enjoyment of recreation they tend to be their real selves. This applies to the music, dances, and eating habits of almost all, if



La Bodeguita del Medio in Havana offers real Cuban cooking in rustic setting, draws many celebrities

not all, the peoples of Latin America.

To eat good meat, I have been told emphatically by many Argentine epicures, there is no place like Argentina. And it's true that you don't have to walk far to find proof of their claim. Without leaving Buenos Aires, in the Félix they serve the best sirloin I can remember; for barbecued kid there is the Armonía restaurant; charcoal-broiled "baby beef" is the specialty of the place at 11 Corrientes. (Not only meat—Scofidi offers all the Italian macaroni dishes, and you can get a piece of pizza with a glass of the aromatic Semillon wine from Mendoza at any little stand in the Plaza de Abastos.)

Nevertheless, as real as the merits of Argentine meat may be, the best filet I have ever had I got not long ago in the Santiago restaurant in the Chilean capital. It had been cooked whole and then divided, at the table, into four pieces. As the knife cut through it, the juice of the meat gushed out as if you were pressing a sponge. To crown this masterpiece we had a bottle of Carta Vieja red wine. It is very likely that this filet was actually

Argentine meat imported into Chile. In any case, a toast to the Chilean chef.

What gives Chilean food its personality, though, is not so much the meat as the seafood. The conger eel is Chile's national fish, and *caldillo de congrio* (a soup served with a massive piece of the fish, onions, and potato balls) is the monumental work of Chilean cooking. There are many other dishes that can be considered representative of the nation, for our menu is extraordinarily varied and rich, but *caldillo de congrio* stands at the top of the list. In a recent series of poems, Pablo Neruda dedicated one of his most inspired compositions to this soup, expressing himself in language of majestic simplicity.

The Huaso Adán restaurant, near the Mapocho railroad station, became famous in Santiago for its *caldillo de congrio*. It was one of the first restaurants in the country to install an open kitchen, with the cooks in full sight of the diners. Although the Huaso Adán no longer exists, there are other places in Santiago that deserve immortality for their seafood. La Playa, near the market, for example. Enter it on Sunday noon and the noise of conversation is like the sustained, sonorous vibration of breaking waves. Only in Chile and in Cuba have I experienced this sensation of a sea in motion, produced by groups of people talking in loud voices.

At La Playa the *paila chonchi* is the dish *de rigueur*. This is something you have to eat to believe it exists. Native to the island of Chiloé, it has been compared to bouillabaisse because it contains a variety of seafoods. But that's as far as the comparison goes. The *paila chonchi* has more flavor, more body, and more ingredients than any similar dish in any part of the world. (Let's render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's.)

To quench the thirst that eating all this seafood gives you, Chile has a superabundance of wonderful wines. There is so much demand for them that bar owners have had to build cabinets like library stacks to keep an adequate supply within reach. The bar of the old and popular La Bahía restaurant in Santiago is a good ex-

Argentina's most famous tango dancer, El Cachafaz, performing at La Querencia café, Buenos Aires, in 1941



ample of this sort of winecellar-library. Here hundreds of bottles, scrupulously classified according to their baptismal certificates, await the customer's order.

In Chile I was reminded of the U.S. schoolteacher I met aboard the *Inca*. Not by the wine, the *caldillo de congrio*, or the *paila chonchi*, which she, almost certainly, would have emphatically refused. No, it was because Santiago has the most famous vegetarian restaurant in the world. It is called Naturista and is located on Calle Estado, in the center of town. Naturista's salads can make even the least herbivorous person's mouth water. This is a restaurant dedicated to the sensuality of green things. They serve olives the size of lemons, just the heart of the artichoke, the tender yellow centers of lettuce, hearts of celery, the firm pulp of tomatoes, watercress, cucumbers, carrots, and all the other edible products of orchard and garden. Naturista is also renowned for its soup of fresh kidney beans with squash and ears of corn.

I hope the U.S. schoolteacher, on her way through Chile, managed to enjoy the unique experience the Naturista offers lovers of greens. She of all people, for despite the difficulties she was determined to see the inside of Latin America, and I can still remember her bitter lament at having gone for four days without tasting a leaf of lettuce.

The Chilean critic and essayist Ricardo A. Latcham, in a witty study entitled *Meditación del Aji* (Meditation on Chili Pepper), speculates about "the psychological complexity of Peru" and points out that to understand the Peruvian you must comprehend the importance of the hot pepper. The Incas cultivated many varieties, giving wide circulation to this ingredient that Latcham calls "the sauce of a neolithic culture."

El Pildorín, in the Magdalena del Mar section of Lima, is a living monument to the glory of the hot pepper. Among connoisseurs of authentic native cooking it is called the Sistine Chapel of Peruvian Culinary Art.

Hotel Victoria Plaza, in Montevideo, Uruguay, like fine hostelryes all over the Americas, serves international cuisine



Its founder was a horse-racing fan, and when he opened the business he gave it the name of his favorite nag. On the outside, there is nothing about El Pildorín to reveal its importance. Anyone who hadn't either been there before or heard about it from others would almost certainly pass it by. Nor is it at all pretentious inside. It is rustic in style, with most of the tables in the open-air patio. There are a few private dining rooms. And that's all. But when you taste its food, the place takes on the air of a cathedral. The *anticucho mixto*, a broiled combination of pieces of corvina fish, meat, and shrimp, with a special sauce of lemon juice and minced hot pepper, is something never to be forgotten. The Peruvian pepper bites your tongue and leaves your mouth burning. The sting persists, no matter how much chilled white wine of Ocucaje you down. But it persists admirably intermixed with the extraordinary flavor of the corvina, shrimp, and meat. Perhaps this hot pepper sets a limit to the geographic spread of Peruvian cooking. Except in unusual cases, it is impossible to improvise a taste for the hot stuff. One has to grow accustomed to what Latcham calls "the climate of the hot pepper." After that, let the flood come!

Another place that seems like a country tavern is the Bodeguita del Medio on Calle Empedrado in Old Havana. For everything typically Peruvian and *limeño* at El Pildorín, you can find a Cuban, *habanero* parallel at La Bodeguita del Medio. In this case too, one who doesn't know it might easily pass it by. A small colonial patio, three rustic rooms with very high ceilings, a narrow hallway leading to the street, a glass case of bottles in front. That is La Bodeguita del Medio. But especially at lunch time—from noon to three—the place overflows with humanity. And what a riot! A hurricane in miniature. In one corner a trio sings, with guitars and maracas. More people arrive. Now there is no place to sit, but somehow those who have just come in manage to get settled. The waiters miraculously make their way between the tables with plates of rice and black beans, bottles of rum and beer, and tall glasses adorned with mint.

Just a few months ago, on my last visit to Havana, I had the pleasant surprise of seeing two North American boys in La Bodeguita del Medio, lunching in the purest popular Cuban style. On the table before them, already half consumed, were plates of rice with beans, roast pig, tamales, and fried bananas—a combination that would have horrified my schoolteacher friend. But times change, and travel develops your imagination and broadens the scope of your senses. Who knows but what at the end of the trip, she may have succumbed to the temptation to try the *pisco*? After all, she wasn't making the journey just to contemplate the landscape. Friendly human relations are encouraged at the dinner table by the conversation and the sharing of food. The Greeks bequeathed us that marvelous lesson. The enjoyment of a dish of food in common is generally a stronger force for unity than a mutual interest in a book. The stomach's functions are not entirely biological. Often brilliant ideas are merely the result of good digestion. ♦ ♦ ♦

TAKE TO THE HAITIAN BYROADS



Camping in pine forest of Morne La Selle, author's party found the ground covered with wild strawberries

HUGH B. CAVE

Photographs by the author

Among HUGH B. CAVE's books on Haiti is his Haiti: High Road to Adventure. He is a frequent contributor to the Saturday Evening Post and Collier's.

"WHAT A PITY you weren't here!" exclaimed our tourist friend at the hotel in Port-au-Prince. "While you were gone, we took a taxi up to Kenscoff and saw a real Rara bande! We even got some pictures of the leader in his red and gold uniform!"

"Did he have one of these?" our young son asked, holding up a brightly painted baton.

"Why—yes, he did. Where in the world did you buy it?"

"Well," I said reluctantly—for our friend was genuinely fond of Haiti and at the moment terribly excited—"we didn't buy it, exactly. We—ah—picked up some Rara dancers outside Les Cayes and gave them a lift to the big gathering at Léogane. It was raining, you see—"

Church square in Jérémie. Haitian country towns have an air of serenity not found in the capital





Penitent lights a candle at the Saut d'Eau, the "voodoo" waterfall near Ville-Bonheur



Jacmel, only a few hours' drive from the capital, is an Old World town of rare charm



"Palace of Three Hundred Doors" at Petite-Rivière de l'Artibonite was Henri Christophe's Artibonite headquarters

"You had them in your car?" The good lady's mouth actually dropped open.

I had to smile. "Quite a few of them, the whole afternoon. We learned some of their songs, and stopped in Fond des Nègres, for coffee with friends of theirs . . . and when we dropped them off, the *Roi de la Bande*, the one you call the leader, insisted on giving Ken his baton."

Rara is Haiti's most colorful folk festival. A strange blend of folklore and Christianity, with undertones of voodooism, it begins officially on Good Friday and continues through Easter Sunday. During those three days—and for a good while before that, while "rehearsing"—noisy bands of peasants troop along the country roads to the rhythm of the *vaccines*, long bamboo tubes that are blown into and tapped with sticks. Singing and dancing are uninhibited. The costumes of the leaders are wonderfully fanciful. Effigies of Judas are dragged or carried by some of the *bandes* and, on Easter Sunday, "put to death."

Not even Mardi Gras can compete with Rara for color and excitement. But—an important "but"—this festival is essentially a peasant celebration, and visitors who re-

main in the capital see little of it.

Our friend sighed. "I should have gone with you. What a fool I was not to!"

Had she gone with us, she would have seen—on that single short excursion—the south coast city of Les Cayes with its beautiful church; the lovely little island of La Vache, which the buccaneer Henry Morgan knew so well; the improbable and spectacular mountain road between Les Cayes and Jérémie; the interesting old town of Jérémie itself. She would have gone bathing at delightful Anse d'Azur and thought herself on an uninhabited South Sea isle. She would have heard the whooping of the bamboo *vaccines* and the chanting of Rara *bandes* all the way home.

Of course, the food in her Port-au-Prince hotel was better than our little pensions served at Les Cayes and Jérémie. And she had not had to contend with bad roads, dust, mud, and people whose Creole she could not understand. But she had not come to Haiti just to dine well and go shopping. She longed to know something about the country and its people.

So many of the thousands who visit Haiti each year long to know something of the country, but, like our

friend, do nothing about it. Go exploring? Impossible! In Haiti no stranger goes exploring! He hires a car and driver for a trip to Cap Haïtien and the Citadel of Henri Christophe—or flies to Le Cap if someone tells him the paved road is a bit too rough—but the rest is out of reach.

It needn't be. An American doctor of my acquaintance didn't think it was. In Haiti for only a week, he rented a jeep and said to me, "Come on, let's go somewhere." We put a little food and a jug of drinking water into the jeep, just in case, and headed for Port-de-Paix.

Three days later we were back in the capital. We had slept on a bed every night at perfectly respectable pensions; we hadn't gone hungry; we hadn't even had a flat. In those three days we traveled the north coast of Haiti from the Baie des Moustiques almost to the border of the Dominican Republic. We saw something of the voodoo Fête St. Michel near Le Cap and poked around in ancient Indian caves near Dondon. To top it all, we drove some soldiers' sweethearts from the Belladère army post to Lascahobas (to oblige the soldiers) and were regaled for miles with their Creole songs, stories, and jokes.

For some strange reason, most visitors to Haiti think the roads outside the capital are impassable. Well, after a hard rain, some of them are. But then, you can always turn around and go somewhere else.

Most tourists think there is nowhere to stay except in Port-au-Prince or Cap Haïtien. Nonsense. Favard Denis' Hotel Excelsior in Jacmel is a fabulous place with perfectly adequate plumbing, and live chickens wander in and out of the dining room at mealtimes. And to be a guest at pensions in Les Cayes, Jérémie, Gonaïves, or

Country women pray by mapou tree they consider sacred at Saut d'Eau

Port-de-Paix is the next best thing to being taken in by a family, for all of them are the homes of their proprietors.

What is there to see in the back country? Everything! First, the land—the awesomely jumbled mountains that inspired the early explorer to crumple a sheet of paper in his fist and say, by way of description, "Haiti is like *that*." And the rivers, their banks nearly always lined with country women washing their clothes and themselves. And the sea, with its enticing little coves and tucked-away beaches. (The best beaches in Haiti are *never* seen by the traveler who stays in the capital.)

Then, the people. If you think the "gimme five cents" peasant of Port-au-Prince is typical of Haiti, you do a proud people a grave injustice. Stop at a peasant *caille* on a country road and its owner will not ask you for money; he'll offer you coffee, or a chair to sit on. Ask him how to get to Anse-d'Hainault or Hinche or Trou and he'll probably offer to go with you, even though he may have to walk back. To be sure, he may frown and murmur, "*Allé mandé caille bonjour, m'sieu* [Go and ask at the house of Good Day]," if you fail to greet him politely first; but that will be because he practices politeness himself and expects it of others.

Watch him at work in his garden, or building his thatch-roofed hut, or standing waist-deep in the sea with his sardine net, or pounding millet, or frenziedly hopping about at a cockfight. Observe him at the neighborhood street- or yard-dance he calls a *bamboche*; see him toiling with his neighbors at a share-the-work *coubite*. Finally, where else but in the country can you see a country wedding?

You need not know Creole. French will enable you to

"Deyé morne gagnè morne," says the Creole proverb—"Beyond the mountains are mountains"



understand a little. If you speak no French, hire a driver-interpreter along with your car or jeep.

Then—history. The National Archives and the National Museum are in Port-au-Prince, but most of Haiti's history—and exciting history it is!—was made elsewhere. Columbus, on his first voyage to the New World, sailed along Haiti's north coast, stopping at Le Môle, the Baie des Moustiques, and the Baie de l'Acul, before losing his *Santa María* and building a fort (La Navidad) at Limonade Bord de Mer. The north coast, too, was familiar territory to the buccaneers, who made Île de la Tortue their headquarters. And then the War for Independence. If the names of Toussaint Louverture, Dessalines, Christophe, and other Haitian heroes stir you—and they must—a dusty museum display will not satisfy you. You'll want to walk the streets of Cap-Haïtien, Gonaïves, St. Marc, Les Cayes; stand at the Crête-à-Pierrot where Dessalines defied the French army to come and get him; visit the sites of the old plantations; see with your own eyes, and feel with your feet, the places where things happened. They happened everywhere in Haiti, from Tiburon to Fort Liberté. Cannon still lie rusting on deserted beaches in the most unlikely places. I stumbled over two last year at Les Irois, a southern peninsula town inaccessible by road.

We took our two boys on some of our trips. We took them to Hinche, where they clambered down a ravine to see the lovely cascade and pool at Bassin Zim. We took them to Côtes-de-Fer, where they sat by the river for hours, making friends with the village laundrywomen and their children. We took them to Saut d'Eau, where they bathed under the "voodoo" waterfall and watched penitents devoutly lighting candles at the sacred mapou trees. In July, the peasants converge on Saut d'Eau by the thousands, for a great voodoo baptismal ceremony—coincident with the annual Catholic celebration at Ville-Bonheur, only two miles distant, of a reported appearance of the Virgin Mary back in the 1830's.

"But wasn't it a terrible risk?" we were asked. "Weren't you ever sick from the food and the water?"

Family pension in Jérémie is typical of accommodations to be found in the country towns



And didn't you get terribly tired?"

You bet we got tired! We arrived home from some of our excursions so white with the limestone dust of the country roads that we resembled escapees from a flour mill. On others we were so splattered with mud that we were scarcely recognizable. But dust and mud wash off. As for being sick, yes, my wife and I were fiendishly sick one night—poisoned by a lobster eaten in the beautifully appointed dining room of one of the capital's finest hotels. That sort of thing can happen anywhere. We were never made ill by the Creole cooking in the provinces.

Our most recent excursion was the best. "Do you realize," my wife said, "that we have never been to Anse-à-Veau?"

I looked at the map. She was right. Anse-à-Veau lies on the north coast of the southern peninsula, and we had followed that road only as far as Miragoâne. We filled the jeep's gas tank and were on our way.

"Is there a pension in Anse-à-Veau?" my wife asked. "I don't believe there is."

"I don't think there is either."

"We'd better plan on getting back tonight, then. We can be back in Port by midnight."

We were not back in Port by midnight. Rain fell, and there was a nasty little river just before our destination that was too deep for fording. It was after midnight—one in the morning, in fact—when we reached Anse-à-Veau. The town was fast asleep.

We went to the *Garde d'Haïti* post. Was there a pension in the town? Or somewhere we might sleep? Sleeping in the jeep would not kill us, of course, but the rain was still falling and we were wet.

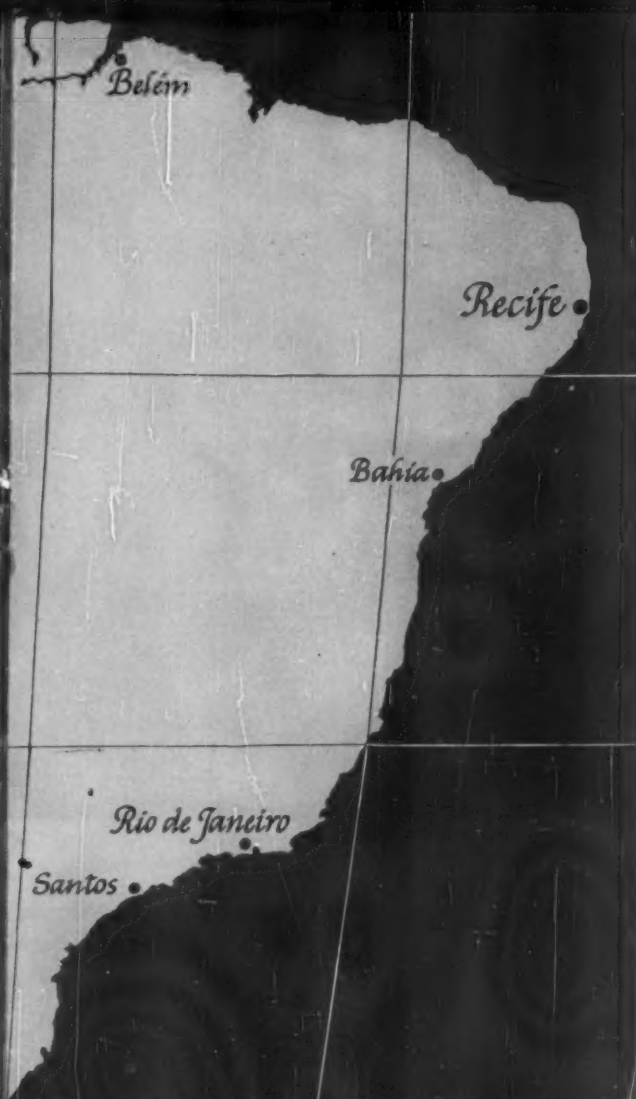
"A place to sleep, m'sieu? But of course!" A smiling young soldier hopped into our jeep, as casually as though strangers dropped in every night in search of a bed, and guided us through the silent streets of the town to a large, two-story house whose veranda overhung the sidewalk. He jumped out, waked the owner, talked for a moment with the man and his wife.

We were ushered in with a good deal of ceremony and given coffee and something to eat. Then a warm bed. And in the morning, breakfast—a memorable breakfast,—plus an invitation to return for lunch before starting back to the capital.

I had not caught the name of our host; we had been too tired and too wet when introduced. In the morning I hesitated to ask him, for fear of offending. Consequently I almost committed the unpardonable error of offering to pay for the food and shelter—and would have done so had not one of the townspeople, passing by, called a greeting to him as we were preparing to leave.

Payment, I realized, was out of the question. A gift, sent later from Port-au-Prince, might properly express our gratitude, but payment never. Our host was the town's leading citizen.

And that is Haiti—the real Haiti—the Haiti the tourist in Port-au-Prince ought to see more of. Otherwise he is grossly short-changing himself. ♦ ♦ ♦



Recife, capital of the northeastern Brazilian State of Pernambuco, is one of the country's leading seaports and oldest cities, dating from 1548. Laced with waterways, it straddles the sea-coast at the mouth of the Capiberibe and Beberibe Rivers, spreading over an island and a peninsula. In the lexicon of the tourist it is known as the "Brazilian Venice." Its real name, Portuguese for "reef," derives from the wall of white coral along the coast that rims its busy harbor. A quarter-century of Dutch rule (1630-1654) left the stamp of the outsider on the landscape and the people, who are also of Portuguese, Negro, and Indian descent. Today Recife, a city of more than six hundred thousand, is the main outlet for sugar cane, which since colonial times has been the chief crop of the area; it also exports fibers, raw cotton, textiles, corn, and preserved fruit. The accompanying impressions were prepared for AMERICAS by a native son who has won world-wide prominence as a sociologist and a writer. It recalls a book on his home town, which he published some years ago, *Guia Prático, Histórico e Sentimental da Cidade do Recife* (A Practical, Historical, and Sentimental Guide to the City of Recife).

RECIFE,

my home town

GILBERTO FREYRE

THE TRAVELER who arrives in Recife by boat or train is not welcomed by a city openly inviting admiration or eagerly awaiting his search for the picturesque and the colorful. No other seaport in Brazil is less eager to go on exhibition for the tourist. If the visitor is coming from Rio or Bahia—frankly scenic, photogenic cities where every day seems a holiday, where churches are fatter than ours, where houses are crowded together like people trying to squeeze into a magazine photo, where hospitality is easy and sprawling—he may at first be disappointed with Recife: with Recife's almost Moorish modesty, its shyness in hiding itself behind the coconut trees; with its angles, its skinny churches, its narrow buildings. It is a city without noticeable protrusions or relief; it stretches out, all on one level, among the banana trees that peep from bourgeois backyards and the mango, *sapoti*, and *jaca* trees farther out.

A different, and much gayer, impression is gained by the air traveler, to whom Recife seems a little less coy. The big patches of green and blue waters alone are a feast for the eyes. But to none does the city surrender immediately; its greatest charm, in fact, is that it plays hard to get. It is a city that prefers sentimental courtship to ready admiration. It so happens, however, that few travelers have the leisure or the inclination for such long courtships. Many leave Recife with a single, monotonous impression of light, sun-drenched streets, of modern bridges, of a predominantly dark-skinned people.

For those who come into the harbor, the first sight is not Recife proper but Olinda, the twin city, standing high on a bluff. Olinda was the seat of the first settlement, established some thirteen years earlier than Recife. Today it is practically a suburb, though it retains administrative independence. It is worth a trip (by streetcar or automobile) because of its historic interest and the superb view.

Recife streets vary in appearance, color, and smell. Sometimes they seem to belong to different towns. There are strictly European streets, like Avenida Rio Branco; others, such as Estreita do Rosário at night, Beco do Cirigado, Beco do Marroquim, or Rua do Fogo, give the impression of being in the Orient; still others are like Lisbon streets, with their two-story houses, their balconies. Such a street is Larga do Rosário. Then there



Stretching out along the coast, Recife seems to hide shyly from the visitor behind a curtain of coconut trees

Numerous bridges span the canals and rivers of the "Brazilian Venice," one of the country's oldest cities



are the silent streets, the

old streets,
accomplices of night and thieves,
dark and narrow, humble and falling to pieces

of Joaquim Cardozo's poem. Certain sections, however, remind one of Senegal towns. Sections with straw huts—which, incidentally, are not as unhealthy as the grim, ugly slums where the European poor pile up. Recife's huts get sunlight and air through their straw walls. Many, like those of Estrada de Motocolombó, are built by the water, on stilts.

On Recife street corners you can still see the vendors, many of them country folk who bring their corn, their woodenware, their straw hats into town for sale. There are fat Negro women in starched dresses selling rag dolls and lace; others with little charcoal braziers frying fish, making tapioca or corn pudding, or brewing coffee; or the men with bird cages. All products of primitive simplicity, of Indian or African origin. Early in the morning the street vendors of fish, manioc, fruit, and chicken begin to announce their wares. The old Negro who sells oysters comes along with a huge basket on his head, yelling: "Oysters! Freshly arrived!" The broom and duster vendor makes speeches in a quivering singsong like a Neapolitan's: "Here comes the broom-vendor! The broom-vendor is going by! The broom-vendor is going away!"

One thing the tourist must see is a *jangada*, the raft so simple that it can only be made by those people the anthropologists call primitive. The fishermen are daring. On their flat rafts with a sail in the middle they sometimes go as far as Fernando de Noronha Island, spending whole nights far from the land. They say that sometimes a monstrous fish leaps up with a saw big enough to cut the raft in two. The fishermen sail by the stars, by the church steeples of Recife, by the coconut trees on the beach.

To these men, the starlit sky is full of omens. They love the moon—not like romantics but like believers. They won't cut wood for the raft or sticks for the hut during a full moon because the wood would rot. They won't point at the moon for fear the finger would grow a wart. When a boy is born, they present him to the moon.

They believe in Iemanjá, queen of the sea. Recife, unlike Bahia, has no signs of religious sacrifices to the sea. But some of our people still worship the sea, as they do all water and the stars. Nothing could be more natural in this city that seems to have been born of the waters. The two rivers that meet here divide it into islands; and the tide comes to people's doors to help the poor, so the women can do their washing and children can bathe.

One still sees primitive canoes coming downriver—almost as primitive as the Indians' four hundred years ago. Also barges, some fat, huge, coming from the plantations loaded with sugar, wood, or pineapples; others bringing bricks from the factories. Some have sentimental names like *Your Mary*, *Moon*, *Queen of the Waters*; others are called *I Am Here*, *My Grandmother*, *I'm Going Away*. They unload on the various piers, and

the cargo is transferred to the heads of strong, half-naked mulattoes, who work hard without losing their dignity, independence, or cheerfulness.

Recife is a city of painters, perhaps because of the quality of its light. Certainly there are more of them than of musicians, sculptors, or architects. In the seventeenth century the Dutchman Franz Post painted Recife's water and trees, its original Portuguese and Dutch houses—the latter even at that time more vertical and daring than the former, for the only steeples the Portuguese ventured to build in Brazil were on churches.

Teles Junior, a nineteenth-century landscape painter, delighted in portraying Recife's waters. Actually, he reinstated the tradition of using Recife as a theme in painting, which dated back to the time when the Portuguese rural settlement became citified under the Dutch. Another Recife oldtimer was Emilio Cardoso Ayres, perhaps the best Brazilian cartoonist, particularly skilled at combining bright tropical colors—something he learned in childhood, not so much from teachers as from the city's luminous sunlight. Acclaimed in Paris, he made Recife's name known among European artists. Nowadays we have others who are better known in Rio, in São Paulo, and abroad: Lula Cardoso Ayres, Francisco Brennand, and Aloisio Magalhães. Lula Cardoso Ayres is Recife's painter par excellence, just as Mario Mota is its poet, as Mario Sette was until recently its columnist, as Anibal Fernandes is its reporter, Benício W. Dias its photographer, José Antônio Gonsalves de Melo its historian, Abelardo Rodrigues its art-collector, and Abelardo da Hora its garden sculptor. (His sculptures, which look like enlarged versions of ceramic folk art, can be seen among the old trees of Dois Irmãos Park.)

Recife has many good pen-and-ink artists. For example, Manoel Bandeira (not to be confused with the poet of the same name, also from Recife, who spells his first name with a *u*), a master of exactness, but not without a sense of the poetic. He also paints watercolors, in which he has faithfully depicted some of Recife's folklore and religious scenes, particularly its processions.

As a matter of fact, typical Recife painters seem to have inherited from Franz Post and the Dutch in general the tradition of exact strokes and colors, although the more impressionistic among them combine it with the revelation or suggestion of a truth to be found only in paintings that transcend purely descriptive realism.

Even the photographers in Recife reveal this. The photographs of Benício W. Dias seem to show something "more real than the real," as Jean Cocteau has said. The same is true of some of José Maria Carneiro de Albuquerque's pictures, although he is mainly a master of typography and has turned out some beautiful publications on the city. Other artists who have painted or drawn Recife subjects—the bridges across the Capiberibe; old streets; ancient houses; churches, convents, and forts of colonial days—are Mário Nunes, Reinaldo, Baltasar da Câmara, Elezzer Xavier, Murilo Lagreca, Tilde Canti (whose tiles are admirable), each in his own way a follower of Teles Junior.

The State Museum, where many of Teles Junior's in-

tensely regional landscapes of Pernambuco and Recife are found, is located in an old house in the Torre district. Recife's Popular Arts Museum, ably organized by the collector Abelardo Rodrigues, contains ceramic figurines, many of them painted, that are authentic examples of unsophisticated art. Among the relics in the Museum of the Archeological, Historical, and Geographic Institute of Pernambuco one finds good oil portraits of old Pernambuco personalities and of Brazil's imperial family.

There is hardly a new building in the capital of Pernambuco State that might be called noteworthy from the standpoint of modern architecture adapted to environment. The tourist of good taste must forgive Recife for its horrors of the new architecture, for the city was for a long time the victim of mayors, state governors, and architects who were insensitive to the complexity of city-planning problems. Perhaps the worst of all is the so-called "monster"—the Institute of Education, formerly the State Normal School, an old educational center that pioneered reforms adopted throughout Brazil.

This does not mean the city is completely devoid of healthy and pleasant examples of modern architecture. Several buildings lend a so-called functional look to Recife. But they are out of harmony with the traditions and life of the city. One possible exception is the home of Aggeu Magalhães' widow in Santana, planned by her architect son and decorated by another son, a painter.

Our hotels, in particular, are weak architecturally. When the French city-planner Alfred Agache came to northern Brazil in the twenties to build a hotel for Estácio Coimbra, then Governor of Pernambuco, he set out with a young Recife guide to look scientifically for the ideal site. He ended by accepting a suggestion made by the guide, and today there is a hotel there, ideally situated. But its architecture is far from ideal and not at all typical. Newer hotels, though relatively comfortable, seem equally defective; architecturally, they do not belong in Recife. The really good hotel should combine the universal and the regional even more than the old cathedrals, private homes, schools, factories, or government buildings.

The nice old churches that lend a noble air to Recife are a subject for a separate article. Recife citizens are not attached to their churches for devotion alone, but also because of nostalgia for the sound of the bells calling the faithful to Mass or announcing a fire; because during times of distress they or their relatives prayed to Our Lady, made a vow, and received the favor; because they got married in the church, their children were christened there, and their beloved forebears are buried there. Some critics believe that one of the worst examples of so-called modern church architecture is the Church of Our Lady of Fatima, apparently built by Europeans unfamiliar with the town.

Perhaps the best blending of architecture and landscape shows up in the city's old houses. Three or four are now schools, such as the Christian Ladies', the Regina Coeli, the American Baptist, and the Joaquim Nabuco Institute for Social Research—a splendid two-



Her crown, sword, and scepter proclaim this Recifeense to be the Queen of the Carnival Dance known as Maracatu



Beautiful old colonial residences like this one, by the Capiberibe River, are inhabited to this day. Others are said to be haunted

story house with excellent tiles, marble, and woodwork. There are few remaining examples of the tall, thin, peak-roofed houses that have led foreign and Brazilian observers to describe Recife—influenced more than any other place in Brazil by the bourgeois architecture of northern Europe—as "Flemish."

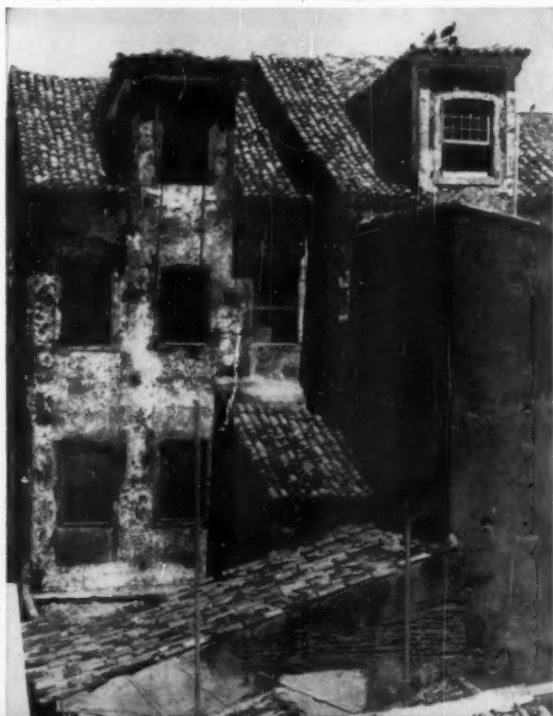
The Poço da Panela houses preserve the historic splendor of this old section that used to edge the jungle; the home of the photographer Benício W. Dias, for instance, was inhabited for a while by the German painter Moser, who taught so many Recife artists, and before him by the celebrated German lithographer Carls; the property of the doctor-writer José Carlos Cavalcanti Borges belonged to Englishmen for more than a century and retains something of the flavor of a European home in the tropics. Another, in the Monteiro section, has a decidedly Flemish touch in its gable and outside stairway. In Apipucos there is an old house, supposedly haunted, that has lovely eighteenth-century tile murals brought from Portugal and inserted in its fort-like walls. It holds a relic of St. Francis Xavier, a portrait of Dom Pedro II in his youth, some rare books, and characteristic Brazilian jacaranda and *vinhático* furniture, some of it made by French and German cabinet-makers who settled in Recife during the nineteenth century.

An intriguing—and reputedly haunted—old house in

the Pombal district that is now a factory used to belong to the Viscount of Suassuna and retains a relief sculpture of the nobleman's coat-of-arms above the front door. (It is said that the old man used to bury his dead slaves in his own garden.) One of the early houses in the São João da Várzea section is owned by the Brennand family, who have left the sugar-cane industry to start a ceramics business, using the excellent local clay; they have hired European technicians and their own distinguished painter Francisco directs the artistic end of it. The tall structure of fine marble and woods in the Cruz das Almas district, which, like many homes of Apipucos, Madalena, and Monteiro, contains much Portuguese statuary, was built by a wealthy nineteenth-century merchant, José Tasso. It is said that the unusual tower in the garden was built for his pet monkey, which later bit him fatally.

If you are fond of old houses for simply sentimental or historic reasons, you must see the Cinderella-like structure at the entrance to Estrada dos Remédios (Medicine Road), where Teles Júnior painted many of his oils; or the two-story house on Martins de Barros Docks, where Cícero Dias had his studio before he left Brazil for Paris; or the house on Rua da Imperatriz where the great Joaquim Nabuco is thought to have been born; or another building, on Praça da Independência, now occupied by the *Diário da Pernambuco*, the oldest newspaper in Latin America still in circulation. This house is linked to the death of the student Demócrito de Souza Filho, who was shot there on March 3, 1945, during a student protest against the "police" methods of the state government.

Some of the best public buildings are the Pedro II Hospital, the State High School, and the Jail built by Mamede Ferreira, a nineteenth-century Pernambuco architect educated in France. The Government Palace, though well situated, is expressionless, and the grandiosity of the Palace of Justice is typical of the *arriviste*



These gabled brick houses remind passers-by of the period of Dutch rule in Recife

style that appeared in Brazilian buildings between 1918 and 1930. One of the many lovely towers in Recife crowns the Law School, which, incidentally, is one of the most distinguished schools of higher learning in Brazil. Some of its professors were famous men of letters, lawyers, social-science and philosophy scholars. It is hardly surprising, then, that the poem *Prosopopéia*, considered the starting point of Brazilian literature, was written in sixteenth-century Recife—by Bento Teixeira Pinto. Jewish literature in the Americas was also born in Recife, which was a center of Sephardic Jewish culture in the seventeenth century. In fact, the Sephardic Jews who settled three hundred years ago in New York—then New Amsterdam—came from Recife (see "Spain's Wandering Jews," July 1953 AMERICAS).

The Santa Isabel Theater, built by the Frenchman L. Vauthier during his stay in Recife from 1840 to 1846 as chief engineer for the provincial public works, is a beautiful building of sober, classic lines. For a long time the center of the city's operatic and dramatic events, it attracted the white-tie and low-cut-gown set to hear such distinguished figures as the poets Castro Alves and Tobias Barreto as well as singers and actresses. In this building, which is also linked to political movements, the Brazilian statesman Joaquim Nabuco made many a fiery abolitionist speech.

Recife now has a School of Architecture in the University, which Rector Joaquim Amazonas hopes to house in a new set of buildings. Perhaps the city will thus acquire architects who will identify themselves with the city's extraordinary light, its past, its colors, and its waters. As a matter of fact, the scholars and artists brought in by the Dutch Count Mauritz of Nassau in the seventeenth century started in Brazil—perhaps in America—an almost modern type of city planning that extended beyond their tall, daring architecture. Nassau also created the first tropical botanical gardens in Recife. Today the city has many gardens worthy of note for their tropical plants and landscaping. Some are the work of the landscape-architect and painter Roberto Burle-Marx; others were planned by the agronomist and landscape-architect Chaves Batista. Still others are plain suburban private gardens, recently selected by architect Oscar Niemeyer as the best adapted to a tropical city.

If you look for them, then, there are other Recifes than the one that presents itself to the casual traveler. There is the one plundered in the sixteenth century by the English pirate James Lancaster, who took over the sugar mills and forced the Portuguese to pull heavy carts; the one where Mauritz of Nassau and his blond entourage built the first astronomical observatory in America, the first zoo, and two palaces by the river; the Recife of painters like Franz Post, scientists like Piso and Marcgraf, scholars like the Protestant minister Plante, the Catholic Fray Manoel do Salvador, and the Rabbi Aboab da Fonseca, who flourished in Nassau's time; the Recife of the first Jewish cultural center in America, of the first political assembly; a city that, for some time, had the most heterogeneous population of the whole continent. ♦ ♦ ♦

Folk art

FOR SALE



Haitian wrought-iron mermaid can be moved on its stand. Its sculptor, Georges Liautaud, makes crosses for village cemetery in interior



St. James the Apostle is central figure in polychrome wood group from Aguadilla region, northwest Puerto Rico. Since Indians were exterminated early, island folk art shows mainly Spanish influence

RAÚL NASS

LEANING OVER the balustrade on the terrace of the old colonial church that dominates the village of Metepec, Mexico, the traveler hears the lively sounds of the people gathered for the weekly open-air market in the square below. His eyes are dazzled by the sunlight that pours over the distant blue mountains and the golden cornfields surrounding the white houses, that bounces back from thousands of multicolored pots, polychrome images and toys, textiles and stoles, spread out on the hard, ruddy earth. If our traveler descends to the square to shop, he can enter the market at one end wholly lacking in property and emerge at the other dressed from head to toe (including huaraches cut to his measure) and completely equipped to set up housekeeping. All the things, moreover, will be so beautifully designed and colored as to gladden his eyes for the rest of his life.

Metepec belongs, to be sure, to a country exceptionally rich in folk art, but in every market between there and the tip of South America he will find artisans who for centuries have created and made by hand the objects of daily use, adornment, entertainment, and worship. The tradition is most vigorous at the key points where the great pre-Columbian cultures met the Iberian—Mexico,

Peru, Bolivia, for example—and in the extreme South, one of the last strongholds of Spanish colonial power. But the popular arts survive with greater or lesser richness and variety in all the Latin American countries. Sherwood Anderson said that the tragedy of the twentieth century was the loss of the craft tradition and that the future of humanity depended on restoring it. The future lies, then, in the hands of the potters, weavers, sculptors, and smiths who offer their products in the squares of Metepec, Chichicastenango, Ayacucho, Chillán, Táriba, and Pernambuco.

Formal artists have been the first to call attention to the work of their popular colleagues. A few months ago readers of the *New York Times* were astonished and delighted by photographs of the Mexico City home of the painter Rufino Tamayo. The furniture, decorations, ornaments, and pictures that lend extraordinary beauty and originality to its vast white-walled rooms are in large part examples of Mexican folk art. Some of Tamayo's pieces are unique, but most of them (like the objects from Mexico and other countries in the accompanying photographs) can be acquired by the dozen at the weekly village markets or the permanent city markets. Visitors short of time can find information, and sometimes showrooms selling craft objects, at various official institutions: in Chile, the Museum of Popular Arts, Santiago; in Brazil, the Folklore Institute, Itamaraty Palace, Rio; in Peru, the Institute of Peruvian Art, Lima; in Mexico, the Museum of Popular Arts, Mexico City; in Venezuela, the National Institute of Folklore and the Exhibition Hall of the Ministry of Development, both in Caracas; in Haiti, the Art Center, Port-au-Prince; in Bolivia, the Ministry of Rural Affairs, La Paz; in Ecuador, the Ecuadorian Institute of Anthropology, Quito; in Puerto Rico, the Museum of Anthropology, History, and Art, Río Piedras. If the

Daily or weekly markets in Latin American villages contain folk-art treasures



Black pottery jug in form of mermaid playing stringed instrument was made in Chilean village of Quinchamalí and sold in market of Chillán, south of Santiago. Color comes from powdered coal added to clay



Llama-shaped terracotta vessel trimmed with white is typical of Ayacucho Department in Peruvian Andes





Terrifying mask made in Oruro, Bolivian highlands, is used for devil dance performed at Carnival time. Because dance is also popular elsewhere, Oruro masks are widely available



Pot offered by vendor at Sololá, Guatemala, was probably made by himself or a relative. Textiles such as he is wearing are also sold at markets



Boy shows off ceramic penny bank from Ráquira, Boyacá Department, Colombia. Rich folk art of this department near Bogotá led Bank of Republic to help establish Folkloric Museum at Leiva

country has no folklore institute, the cultural or fine-arts division of the ministry of education or the small-industry section of the ministry of labor or industry can help. Visitors faced with a language problem can also apply to the cultural centers sponsored jointly by the U.S. Information Agency and citizens of the country.

Prices vary widely, largely because of exchange rates, but in general they are very low. It is seldom that even the largest and most elaborate objects will cost more than fifteen or twenty dollars, and in general, even if the tourist ignored the prevailing practice of haggling, he

would not spend more than a small fraction of this.

The story is told of a European aristocrat of long ago who, approaching the New World after a long and hazardous voyage, examined it through a telescope for a few seconds and said: "America?"

"America!" they told him.

"Very well, let's go back to Europe."

Popular artisans would have nothing to offer those who share this view. But they are an invaluable source of inspiration and knowledge to those who think traveling is something more than moving around and who seek to enrich their sensibilities with sights, sounds, and sensations, with objects that show the marks of the hand that modeled them, that are painted in often unique colors, that are the living image of the people and a faithful reflection of their history. No one who has not held in his hands one of the toys made by Mexican craftsmen for All Souls' Day can genuinely understand the peculiar Mexican attitude toward death, which enables them to inscribe "So pretty" on the forehead of a candy skull. The artisans of today are the heirs of the pre-Hispanic craftsmen; they have inherited their esthetic qualities, their techniques, tools, and diversity of styles. To this they have added thematic elements taken from Western, and occasionally from Oriental, culture. It is exciting for the buyer of a piece of pottery to know that it has been made for more than twenty-five hundred years, and that the typical blouse he is taking home as a present was the fashion when there was nothing but forest where Paris and Rome stand now. The visitor who has neglected to buy one of the little pottery bulls of Pucará, Peru, will also have lost the chance of better understanding the mystery of Spanish American cultural

integration, for the bull is European, and the work of art that represents it is fundamentally Indian.

But native crafts are not limited to preserving a magnificent ancient tradition; they are constantly being enriched with creative imagination, the legends and myths handed down by time, and the elements provided by environment. All this is incorporated into objects with no thought of time or cost of production. It is an essentially emotional art, and therefore most perfect when its link with family, neighbors, village or nation, beliefs, or passions is closest. Think of the effort that goes into the elaborate designs on household pots and vessels; the labor in the comic features of a puppet representing some friend or relative; the tender imagination in filling a crèche with fantastic animals; the pride in shaping an Aztec or Inca emperor; the endless hours in adorning St. James the Apostle's standard with the colors of the Mexican flag.

For this reason there is no more authentic reflection of a people's spirit than its popular art. It is something that cannot be counterfeited. A piece of folk art is unmistakable for its clear, bold colors, painted daringly and unhesitatingly; for its simplified forms adorned



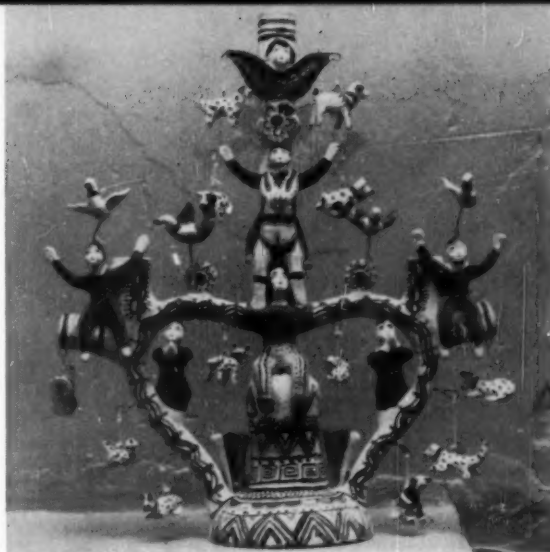
Gold-filigree peacock earring from Tuxtla Gutiérrez, Chiapas State, is among few Mexican jewelry pieces that are authentic folk art



Above: Carvers in La Grita, Táchira State, Venezuela, make tiny figures like this anime-wood bird to decorate crèches. Similar pieces come from other Andean states, Mérida and Trujillo



Detail of pottery cangaceiro—typical Brazilian bandit—sold by its maker, Vitalino, in market of Caruarú, near Fortaleza. His pieces are generally dark green with touches of light color



Fifteen-inch-tall candelabrum from Acoplán, Puebla State, Mexico, is also used as Christmas decoration. Of unglazed pottery, it is painted in gay colors on a white background



Though little folk art survives in United States as a whole, Ozark quilt-makers still follow old traditions

with traditional or contemporary natural or abstract motifs, which the observant traveler can identify as a synthesis of the contemporary environment and the works of art of many periods. To reduce to a minimum the possibility of fraud—if any remains—the objects can always be obtained direct from their creators in any sunlit village square. If you ask the potter how he made the marvelous plate, he will pat his hands together and reply with an ancient simplicity much as the woman did in Tzintzuntzan, in the State of Michoacán, Mexico: "The way you make tortillas." And the traveler will take home, along with his work of folk art, the lesson of the verse:

*El del saber popular
que encierra todo el saber.*

*He who has the people's wisdom,
Which contains all wisdom. ♦ ♦ ♦*

A short story by **JACQUES LARGE**

Illustration by **JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS**

GOLDEN STARS glittered in the black December sky. The one that guided the Magi was surely there, enthroned atop the heavens. Star dust drifted here and there, like thousands of silver spangles scattered on an immense black-velvet cloak. A wretched-looking old man with a cane in his hand and a beggar's sack slung from his left shoulder was sitting at the entrance of a small church.

Worshippers began to arrive. Mostly little, white-clad old ladies, their heads wrapped in black shawls with large straw hats perched on top. They carried huge rosaries whose black beads, polished by constant use, glowed discreetly. Like ghosts, alone or in small groups, they slowly emerged from the shadowy, winding lanes that led to the church. Now and then one of the few automobiles, of which the town was inordinately proud, pulled up. After announcing their arrival with a circum-spect toot of the horn, the drivers parked in the wide street between church and market. As the people entered the church they glanced down at the old man with pity, indifference, or hostility.

Midnight Mass began. The little church was now packed. The faithful who had not been able to find a place to sit, or those too lowly to do so, stood near the doors, hats in hand and heads bowed. Some women knelt and, with a brief prayer, lighted yellow tallow candles to their guardian saints. "O holy night, the stars are brightly shining . . ." the congregation caroled. At that moment, the old man, who had been sitting outside the church, got up to go inside. For everyone else that had been difficult, since it was crowded near the doors, but for him the people hastily drew back to avoid contact with his dirty clothes and evil-smelling body. Along the narrow passage that automatically opened before him, he made his way to the catafalque, where the priest celebrates the office of the dead. There the old man stopped, and a circle closed round him, leaving him alone with his ugliness and his misery. A neatly dressed child escaped from her watchful mother and approached him with a look of surprise, as if he were a different, unknown species. She took his hand and smiled. The distraught mother rushed up and roughly pulled her away, so scornful of the old man that he lowered his eyes in shame and distress.

He knew, better than ever before, that he was old, ugly, dirty, and wretched. And that his leprous rags did not hide the large scarlet sores on his body. He realized that those candles, those ornaments, those carols, that joyous atmosphere, were not for him, but for decent, well-dressed people who would soon return to their families, their homes, luxurious or modest, to slice the traditional turkey or a simple chicken and drink wine or a good rum punch. His head lowered, eyes fixed on the ground, he quickly left the church and sought refuge under one of the market stalls, where the shadows were

beauty and the beggar



darkest. He curled up on the bare earth, clutching his cane securely in his left hand. It was his only friend, the only protector he had ever known. He fell asleep, long after the service was over and the last worshippers, after wishing each other Merry Christmas, had gone home. That night, while he slept, flies swarmed around his eyes.

Early the next morning he was awakened by a rough voice saying: "On your feet! Wake up. Go and sleep some place else." A uniformed policeman was standing over him. He would have roused him with a couple of kicks, just as he did every morning, but this was Christmas—he had just shined his boots and didn't want to dirty them. Policemen, and that one in particular, terrified the old man, who hastened to obey. He took the port road, where laborers hauling sacks of coffee on their backs usually gave him their left-over corn mush. But it was a holiday and no one was working. He sat on a mooring post, pulled a day-old biscuit from his sack, and began to eat, chewing slowly to prolong the pleasure. When he had finished, he wandered aimlessly along the dusty streets of the small town, his distress locked in his heart. The church bells pealed. He watched the dressed-up people go by and, for the very first time, didn't think to ask for alms. The gesture he had made all his life, stretching out his hand, now made him feel embarrassed, inexplicably ashamed. He was vaguely aware that a change was taking place within him. He didn't know what, or how, but he knew he wasn't the same as the evening before. Now he didn't want to be looked on as an object of pity, disgust, or scorn. He wanted to be like the rest. Why not? So he didn't put out his hand.

Short-story writer JACQUES LARGE is an editor of *Optique*, Haitian literary review. JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS of Mexico established an international reputation two years ago at the age of twenty-one, with a one-man show at the Pan American Union.

At a crossroads, he came on a group of children playing with a brand-new, brightly colored ball one of them had received for Christmas. Completely absorbed in their game, they shouted gleefully each time they caught the ball before it hit the ground. One missed, and the ball rolled to the old man's feet. He picked it up and held it a second, admiring the beautiful colors—red, green, yellow. Either because they didn't like having their game interrupted, or because they were afraid he'd steal the ball, or because, with childish selfishness, they didn't want anyone else playing with something they thought exclusively theirs, after a quick conference, they threw rocks at the old man, noisily demanding the ball back. Struck on the arms and forehead, the old man suddenly threw the ball from him as if it were poisonous. Quickly he ran away.

His arm ached, his forehead was bloody. He heard the mocking laughter at his flight. The joy of making someone suffer must surely be considerable to provoke such gross, unanimous, triumphant laughter, which pursued him for a long time and hurt more than any physical blow. Did some people gain happiness from the suffering of others? He wanted no part of them. He had undergone too much himself for any pain, even someone else's, not to revive his own. This was the first time such thoughts had come to his mind—he had never thought before—and he was dimly aware that between those who make others suffer and those who suffer, the latter sometimes have the best of it.

Without sadness, he again realized that he was old, ugly, dirty, and wretched. And that his leprous rags did not hide the scarlet sores on his body. Because he knew now that suffering gave value to his ugliness, redeemed his misery, and blotted out the sores of his body.

He walked straight ahead, eyes staring, his cane tapping the ground harder than usual. For the first time he felt like a man, because he was thinking. He came to the crossroads on the outskirts of the town where there was a tiny old fountain that had been dry as long as anyone could remember. People in the vicinity said that ghosts came at night for a devilish revel. A young country girl had dismounted from her donkey and sat resting beside the fountain. She had that magnificent perfection of form that arouses a longing in some men's hearts. Lithe, slender legs, full hips, slim waist, and shapely breasts restrained by a tight blouse. Her full, moist lips parted over white teeth, showing the tip of a red tongue that was an invitation to mysterious pleasures. Beside her lay a basket of oranges, a gift for relatives in town.

The old man stood still, as if fascinated by a miraculous apparition. A whole world of emotions stirred within him. He even forgot to breathe. The girl rose to mount the donkey. Instinctively, he stretched out his hand to help. But she misinterpreted his gesture and, with a pitying glance, gave him an orange. He clutched it in his hand, speechless, and set out on the road that led away from town.

Exultation ran through him. Every fiber of his being shuddered. He had discovered Beauty. And he loved it passionately. For the first time, he smelled what he had

only breathed before; he listened to what he had only heard; he looked at what he had only seen. A harmony of sounds, colors, and perfumes overwhelmed him. He felt that never again could he bear the sight of others' ugliness and the feeling of his own.

Proudly, for the last time, he knew that he was old, ugly, dirty, and wretched. And that his leprous rags did not hide the scarlet sores on his body. Because he realized now that this was nothing but a perishable covering for a shining soul.

The path to the left led to the river. He took it. Alongside, the barbed spikes of a canefield. Here and there, cow dung in round, bulging pyramids. A swarm of black flies in green corselets buzzed happily. The old man had thrown down his stick and his sack. He didn't need them any more. He walked erect with a sure step, pushing aside the cane leaves across the path. He soon saw the river bank where the washerwomen put their linen to dry and where the grooms bathed their horses. This morning no one was there.

A few steps and the river came into view. Long and sinuous, dotted with foam and iridescent reflections. Like a silvery serpent. He watched it flow. Sweet and wild, laughing and threatening. Sweet with promising murmurs. Wild with the assault of whitecaps on the pebbly bank. Laughing, breaking the sun's rays into rainbow droplets. Threatening with its sea-green depths.

He drew near. His feet tingled at the water's warm caress. He listened. What was the river saying? She hinted at the end of distress, unhappiness, and hatred. She proffered a voyage to far-off ports. She wept for the horrors of misery, days without food, and the wickedness of men. What was the river saying? She spoke of rest, oblivion, the grandeur of death, and the beginning of a new life. She sang of places of light in the endless sky, of wide horizons glittering with stars. She proclaimed the pleasures, the perfumes, the loves, the luxuries, all the Beauties. What was the river saying? She was saying: "Come. Follow me. Come. Let's go together. Down there, to the unknown, where all of men's unattainable dreams come true. Come. Come. . ."

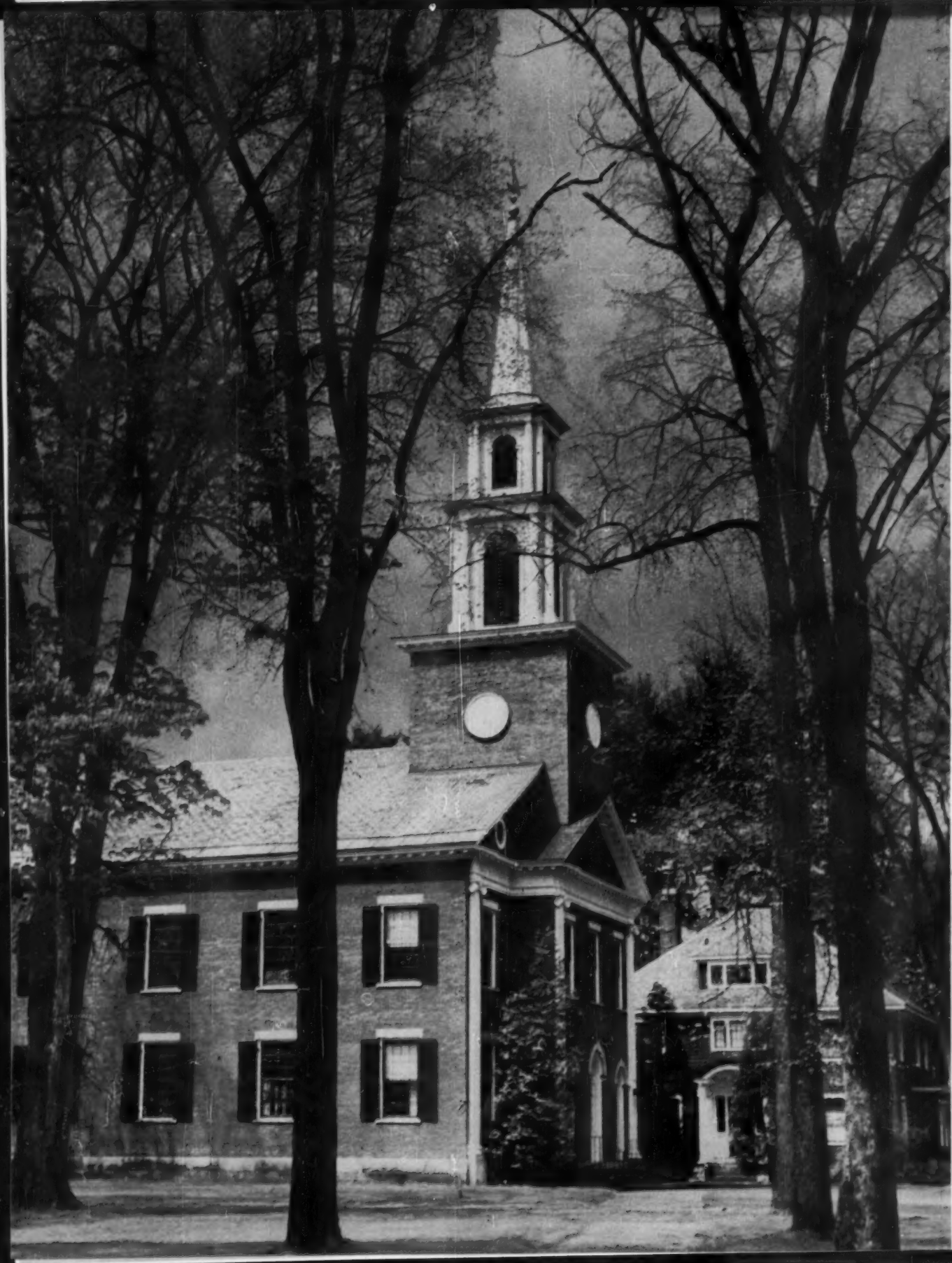
Sweetly, slowly, with a gesture of trust and love, his hands outstretched as if for a caress, the old man slid into the water.

Up there in the sky, a cloud hid the sun. Birds tucked their heads under their folded wings. The bunches hung heavier on the bent banana trees, whose broad leaves rustled sadly. The grass on the bank quivered, and the tiny flowers of the fields retracted their petals in fright.

But that lasted no more than a second, as long as the passage from life to death.

The sun came out again. The birds sang wild praise to the splendor of the day. The bananas swelled with the rising sap, and the flowers opened wide, letting their delicate perfume escape.

Like a golden god of ancient rites, undisturbed and serene, lulled by the gentle rhythm of the voluptuous waves, escorted by myriad fish, his clothes sweeping along nuggets from the magical depths, the immortal old man went down to the sea. ♦ ♦ ♦



THE SEASONS IN *Stockbridge*

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE

ANTHONY G. RUD, photographs by CLEMENS KALISCHER

THE MOTORIST driving north into Stockbridge, Massachusetts, often stops to get his bearings at the corner where the through highway merges for a while with Main Street. To his right is the Red Lion Inn, a fine white clapboard summer hotel with a history running back to 1773. A quarter of a mile ahead on a hillside is another spacious summer hotel, Heaton Hall. Stately houses—all at least fifty years old and many far older—line Main Street, partly shaded by arching elms. The motorist would like to continue inspecting the peaceful, early-American scene. But a loud horn blasts behind him. He looks around to find he has been holding up a line of cars. He lurches ahead, then stops again to allow two trailer trucks to thunder across in front of him.

Such an incident, repeated several times in a Stockbridge day, sums up two characteristics of this old New England town. One is that it has charm and historic interest aplenty. The other is that it is no longer a peaceful backwater in the Berkshire Hills, but straddles the main stream of business and tourist traffic. Whether it can preserve its charm and stay economically healthy is Stockbridge's central problem—as, indeed, it is the problem of all New England.

If the visitor takes time to look around, he finds Stockbridge primarily a residential community. It is not a mill town, as so many are in Massachusetts; despite its location on the banks of the Housatonic River, it has no industry whatever. Nor is it a city, for its population is only twenty-two hundred, and its entire business section contains only a dozen establishments. This is a town for living in, a town whose residents largely earn their livelihood elsewhere. Within a radius of seven miles are three mill towns, where textiles and paper are manufactured, and twelve miles north is Pittsfield, a bustling little city of fifty-six thousand. Most Stockbridge workers are employed in these neighboring communities.

Farming, once the chief occupation, has dwindled over the years, although fine dairy herds are still maintained on the outskirts of town. Alongside the regular farmers are the "gentlemen farmers," who have enough money to delegate the chores to others and skim the cream off farming life. The gentlemen farmers are the modern

equivalent of the "cottagers" of half a century ago, who built the large estates that are one of the town's chief attractions.

Because these wealthy residents once made their homes in Stockbridge, and because it is a popular summer resort, its atmosphere is hardly typical of a New England small town. Nor is it a suburban community. The true Stockbridgian believes it combines the best qualities of both.

The town's New England backbone shows up most in wintertime, when the only visitors are a few skiers passing through on their way to the snow country farther north. Now the community settles down to the serious business of town meeting, fund drives, and church socials. Winter is the time for year-round residents to take care of their own concerns, while summer is largely geared to the interests of seasonal vacationists.

The high point of the winter is the annual town meeting in February, when the voters gather in the Town Hall to elect local officers and vote operating funds for the ensuing year. This old New England custom is justly famous as an example of "direct democracy." Law-making by the voters themselves, rather than by elected representatives, is a continuing object-lesson in the value of open discussion to decide local issues. Not, of course, that the system is without detractors. Almost every year some iconoclast breaks into public print to point out that less than a quarter of the voters show up for the business session (failing to note that the hall would be uncomfortably crowded if all eleven hundred appeared at once). "What's so democratic about that?" he asks. Sometimes the skeptic goes so far as to declare that the voters do not even understand some of the more complex matters put to them for decision. He is right on this charge, too. But somehow things do get done, and graft and corruption are virtually non-existent.

When not concerned with preparations for town meeting or with serving on a town board, Stockbridge residents usually engage in some civic activity in the wintertime. It is a rank injustice for many metropolitan observers to assume that New Englanders hole up in the cold weather like so many woodchucks. On the contrary, they save their energies for the winter activities. There are church and school groups, charitable and athletic organizations, cultural and social gatherings. Indeed, it

ANTHONY G. RUD is on the staff of the Berkshire Eagle in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the nearest city to Stockbridge.

Opposite: New England landmark is the church spire. This one belongs to Stockbridge Congregational Church, which dates back to 1734



Come spring, workers remove storm door from handsome old mission house, built in 1739 and now a museum



Election day in Stockbridge. Town meeting is another fiercely guarded democratic tradition

dances are held at the private Stockbridge Golf Club. The Berkshire Garden Center, a semi-public institution devoted to furthering horticulture, puts on fetes and exhibitions. Meanwhile, of course, the Berkshire Music Festival, the country's top summer musical event, is in full cry at near-by Tanglewood.

It is the festival, which draws as many as fourteen thousand to a single evening's performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, that quickens the pace of the community in summer. A magnet for vacationists throughout the East, the festival lasts several weeks. On concert week ends, rooms in many private homes and hotels and inns in the area are filled to capacity.

Tanglewood lies on the northern border of the township, actually closer to the business center of Lenox



Terrace of late Serge Koussevitzky's home offers sweeping view of Stockbridge Bowl

is alleged that some sturdy souls attend a meeting every weekday evening from December through April.

As spring wears on into summer, the character of the town changes perceptibly. New, pale faces are seen on the streets, and out-of-state license plates are common on cars parked in front of the two big summer hotels. The Berkshire Playhouse, a summer-stock theater, opens for its ten-week season. Golf and tennis tournaments and

than to the heart of Stockbridge. For that reason, the Boston Symphony Orchestra uses the Lenox Post Office, and Tanglewood is considered a part of Lenox. But in truth, only a small section is in the town of Lenox and the rest is in Stockbridge—a fact responsible for a keen rivalry between the two villages over the years. The festival was launched at a meeting of area residents in the Stockbridge home of Miss Gertrude Smith back in

1934, and later taken over by the Boston orchestra.

The decidedly cultural bent of Stockbridge today continues a tradition that started more than two hundred years ago. In the interim the town has sheltered a surprising number of the great and near-great, ranging from the erudite eighteenth-century theologian Jonathan Edwards to the popular twentieth-century illustrator Norman Rockwell.

Stockbridge was settled as a mission to the Indians in 1736 by a group of men from the Connecticut River area, fifty miles to the east. It was originally headed by the Reverend John Sergeant, a kind, sincere man who was devoted to the cause of the friendly Indians in the region. Sergeant's name is preserved in the house he built for his bride, moved several years ago to Main Street and renovated by one of the town's public-spirited and wealthy citizens, Miss Mabel Choate.

The Reverend Mr. Sergeant died suddenly in 1749; the next resident pastor was Jonathan Edwards, author of the monumental *Freedom of the Will*. Edwards is now regarded as one of this country's outstanding eighteenth-century intellectuals, but he was less of an administrator than his predecessor. Under him the Stockbridge mission lost some of its original drive; and as the pastorate was subsequently held by a series of relatively undistinguished men, the mission lost its dominant place in community life. By the time of the American Revolution Stockbridge was taken over lock, stock, and barrel by the white settlers, some of whom considered the church an institution for their own economic benefit and con-

ducted a brisk trade in lands occupied until then by the Indians.

During the first half of the nineteenth century, the town became a focal point of literary and artistic effort. Chiefly responsible was Miss Catherine Sedgwick, member of a formidably respectable old Stockbridge family, who created a sensation by penning a series of popular novels critical of the strait-laced religious doctrines of her day. Miss Sedgwick's reputation and her literary salons attracted a number of writers, who found the region a congenial place to work. Among the better-known authors who made their homes in Stockbridge during the last century were Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote his *Tanglewood Tales* in the northern section of town that still bears the name he gave it; the U.S. poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; and the English poet Matthew Arnold.

After the Civil War, when fortunes were being amassed during the country's industrial boom, the character of Stockbridge changed. Now people of great wealth came to the quiet little village, and to near-by Lenox, putting up big summer homes—or "cottages," as they called them—and turning it into a fashionable resort. They liked the area because, while easily reached by train from New York, it offered plenty of wooded countryside in which to emulate the expansive living of the admired English aristocracy. Though the extravagant social life of the period ended shortly after the First World War—the death blow was dealt by passage of the Federal income-tax amendment in 1913—the mark of the cot-

Winter-frosted cottage of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote his *Tanglewood Tales* in Stockbridge





In autumn energetic housewives on Main Street rake their lawns

tagers is still upon the town. Some estates are occupied by descendants of the original owners. A few have been taken over by schools and other institutions, including two Catholic novitiates. But most of the buildings with their spacious grounds are still intact; nowadays the two summer hotels and the summer theater that sprang up to serve the rich are heavily patronized by week-end tourists.

Of course, some older residents cling to their memories of the town's munificent past. One such is seventy-six-year-old C. Edgar Searing, a town assessor, former state representative, and accomplished raconteur, who narrates anecdotes for hours on end about the lawyer Joseph Choate, the author Owen Johnson, the sculptor Daniel Chester French, the inventor Stephen Dudley Field, and other illustrious residents of forty years ago. To hear Mr. Searing tell it, attending church in those days was an exciting experience because of the noted men you would bump into. Now, he says, church is just as good for the soul, but considerably less interesting.

But the most familiar Stockbridge link with the past is Tom Carey, a courtly old gentleman who still uses a horse and buggy to get around town. Four times a day for the last fifty years Mr. Carey has transported the

mail between the post office and the railroad station despite cold, snow, and speeding trucks. An unusually learned man, he is respected by adults; and of course he and his horse are held in high regard by all Stockbridge children.

On occasion Tom Carey's buggy has served as a taxi between the railroad station and the Austen E. Riggs Center, a psychiatric institution for voluntary patients. This center has taken over four of the largest houses on Main Street, and its staff members are active in local civic life. Although it treats several hundred patients a year, it is best known in professional circles for its research work on psychoneuroses.

Like the rest of Stockbridge, the thirty-six-year-old Riggs Center is a mixture of old and new. Within its handsome nineteenth-century walls, beneath ancient elms, new techniques for treating modern man's sorest affliction are being evolved. In its way it is a suitable partner for another distinctive Stockbridge organization, the Laurel Hill Association.

That organization, which celebrated its centennial in 1953, is the oldest village-improvement society in the country and one of the most successful. If Stockbridge is a more pleasant town than many others, as its citizens staunchly believe, much of the credit should go to the association, which plants trees regularly, maintains public lands, and jealously guards the community's carefully cultivated physical appearance. In its first century, most visitors agree, the association has done a pretty good job. But with steadily increasing traffic, a fast-growing population, and pressure for industrial development, its work is cut out for it for another hundred years. ♦ ♦ ♦

Neither rain nor snow nor gloom of night stays mailman Tom Carey from his appointed rounds





OAS backs new Inter-American Music Center

ADOLFO SOLÓRZANO DÍAZ

AFTER A GRUELING SESSION, one of the musicians gathered round the conference table in the Pan American Union commented glumly to his colleagues: "IAMC. Four letters you can say quicker than you can say 'Jack Robinson,' but so much time and work went into putting them together!" Heads nodded in agreement, and, despite their exhaustion, some of the men even clapped. The Inter-American Music Center, which would mean an easier future for new Latin American composers, had just been born.

Obviously, it takes talent to win recognition in the arts, but sometimes that alone is not enough. Countless obstacles hamper, and sometimes prevent, its discovery and development. In Latin America new composers must wage a desperate daily battle to forge names for themselves. Just to earn a living, most have to work outside their field. The luckier ones play in churches or

in symphony orchestras; others are compelled to take routine teaching jobs; still others hold positions totally unrelated to music.

For want of a market, music-publishing firms are few in Latin America. Therefore, new composers are frequently unknown even in their own countries, and the problems they face are multiple. The public prefers works by the great masters and, to a lesser degree, those by revered national composers. There are not many symphony orchestras, choruses, or chamber-music groups. Economic incentive is meager or totally lacking. Recording of serious works is sporadic at best. Although large wealthy nations—Brazil, for example—boast many recording firms, there is a decided preference for popular music. The established national composers have become symbols of a sort, and their recordings are easier to find in the United States or Europe than in their respective

countries.

Until early in the twentieth century, serious music in America was sponsored almost exclusively by the land-owning aristocracy and by the church, whose ban on secular music limited composing by the choirmasters. Later stimulus given to the arts in general and music in particular has paralleled the countries' economic and industrial development and the rise of an upper-middle class. The next generation traveled in Europe, brought back an older and broader musical tradition, and, out of cultural awareness or perhaps to gain prestige, began to lend definite assistance.

Thanks to extraordinary economic development, this evolution was speediest in the United States. Soon affluent patrons were supporting first the more fashionable activities, such as the opera, then the others. Also, particularly during the last quarter century, powerful philanthropic institutions have done their share. For its unflinching interest and sizable donations, the Rockefeller Foundation deserves special mention. In 1954, for example, it gave the considerable sum of four hundred thousand dollars to the Louisville Symphony Orchestra to finance, over a period of four years, the commissioning, performance, and recording of musical works. Several Latin Americans are on its list of commissions: among them, Roberto Caamaño of Argentina, who wrote *Magnificat*; Camargo Guarnieri of Brazil, who wrote *Suite IV Centenário*; and two Chileans, Juan Orrego Salas and Alfonso Letelier, who composed *Serenata Concertante* and an orchestral suite called *Aculeu*, respectively. The John Hay Whitney Foundation, established in 1950 in New York, spent \$485,000 in five years on 243 "opportunity fellowships" for "young persons who show exceptional promise and who have been prevented by race, cultural background, economic status, or region of residence from developing their potentialities." Most of the money spent on music is controlled by seven large organizations—Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Kellogg, Duke, Commonwealth, and Pew—but institutions that contribute on a smaller scale are numerous.

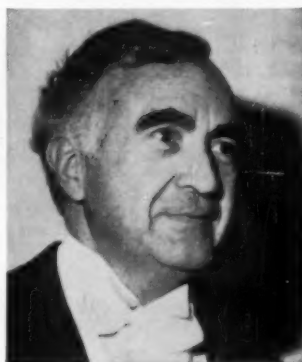
The Guggenheim, Coolidge, and Koussevitzky foundations are especially interested in composers. The oldest of this kind is the Paderewski Fund, established in Boston in 1896 by the famous pianist. Washington, D.C., has, among others, the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation at the Library of Congress (see August 1955 AMERICAS). It was set up in 1925 with a hundred-thousand-dollar donation and on Mrs. Coolidge's death in 1954 was granted another seven hundred thousand. Two others, established more recently, are the Serge Koussevitzky Foundation, begun in 1942 at the Library of Congress, and the Fromm Music Foundation, started in 1952 in Chicago. Today there are thousands of similar philanthropic organizations and individual patrons in the United States. They contribute hundreds of millions of dollars each year for everything from giving instruments to schools and granting fellowships to assisting the great orchestras and commissioning works. They have even established retreats for composers and homes for retired musicians. Besides enjoying access to material assistance

Héctor Tosar Errecart of Uruguay will write string composition for New Orleans music festival



← Brazilian composer Camargo Guarnieri will contribute a symphony

Cuban José Ardévol has been commissioned to write chamber work for 1958 festival



← Mexican Carlos Chávez, whose Symphony No. 3 had world premiere at Caracas in 1955

Argentine Juan José Castro took first place at Caracas with Corales Criollos



← Young Julián Orbón of Cuba was prize winner at First Festival of Music in Caracas

Heitor Villa-Lobos of Brazil, whose works are well known to United States audiences



Domingo Santa Cruz, Chilean musician, is one of provisional vice-presidents of IAMC

and ready-made opportunities, the U.S. composer can enter the lucrative field of "utilitarian music" and write background themes for movies and television.

Yet the North American composer has his difficulties too. He or his publisher must deal personally with the conductor or soloist, whose mind is on the wishes of the orchestra's board of directors, the box-office deficit, limited rehearsal time, and a too-conservative audience that, like its Latin American counterparts, prefers Beethoven, Brahms, and Bach. So the new works performed by large symphony orchestras each year can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Many North American composers seek broader horizons in Europe, because there special committees, and not conductors or soloists, decide on the new works to be performed. Although programs are prepared in advance, a new composition is often fitted in. However, even a rejection has its advantages, for it may mean that the work will be included in a special program or that the committee will recommend a smaller work—say, a piano sonata or a string quartet—for the wider audience of a radio broadcast. The U.S. composer abroad can also count on the help of the U.S. Information Centers, which arrange concerts in all the European capitals and are particularly interested in presenting North American culture through musicians and artists. Strangely enough, the U.S. Government has these centers all over Europe and Latin America but has none at home.

The situation in Latin America is quite different. No country has yet developed economically and industrially to the same extent as the United States. There are few millionaires and influential philanthropic organizations to bestow large sums of money on struggling artists; there is not even a large upper-middle class. Patrons are scarce, and there are no established funds to provide continuous encouragement to music. Of course, there have been occasional donations. Dr. Inocente Palacios of Venezuela gave a sizable amount toward the cost of the First Festival of Latin American Music in Caracas. For several years Agustín Batista of Cuba paid the deficit on the low-priced midnight concerts of the Havana Philharmonic organized by the late Austrian conductor Erich Kleiber. In Brazil, the Matarazzo family and others have helped promising artists secure an education. New composers in Latin America also face copyright difficulties, since regulations vary from country to country.

In the United States, public subsidies for music have been hotly debated. Some say government support would be calamitous, not only because of the amount of money involved but also because they feel it would undermine the nation's musical expression. Others see it as a salvation, in view of the fact that the large orchestras and opera companies are not self-sustaining and depend on donations from foundations and from the general public. Some state legislatures, like those of California and Maryland, vote funds for orchestras and bands. Baltimore was one of the first U.S. cities to lend official assistance to music. From 1916, when it was organized, to 1942, when public contributions were first accepted, the Balti-

more Symphony was subsidized by the city government.

In Latin America, such support not only of music but of all cultural activities is usual, though on a modest scale. Many of the ministries of education have offices of culture and fine arts. National symphonies are sometimes connected with these offices and are allocated a large chunk of the budget.

There are also institutions that are administratively autonomous but under the government, which supplies the funds for expanded budgets—among others, the National Institute of Fine Arts in Mexico, the National Institute of Culture in Cuba, the General Office of Fine Arts in Guatemala, and the Official Radio-Broadcasting Service in Uruguay. In Chile, one of the most advanced Latin American nations in this respect, the Institute of



Representatives of musical America in meeting with OAS Secretary General José A. Mora (at head of table) prior to organization of Inter-American Music Center

Musical Extension, an official organization attached to the Faculty of Sciences and Musical Arts of the Autonomous University, is subsidized by the government with funds derived from a tax on all public performances. In addition to making cash awards to composers, the Institute controls the National Symphony Orchestra, the opera, the ballet, chamber-music concerts, and the like.

There are, of course, private associations that receive some financial assistance from the government, like the Lyceum and Pro Arte of Havana, the Wagnerian Association and the Friends of Music Society in Buenos Aires, and the Brazilian Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers of Music in Rio de Janeiro.

The gravest problem in Latin America is the lack of musical education, not of the professionals but of the public. Also, there is little exchange of information on musical activities between countries, but the Festivals of Latin American Music in Caracas should help remedy this situation. The first was held in November 1954 (see March 1955 *AMERICAS*) and the second will take place next March. A hundred and seven scores have already been submitted; three will receive prizes totaling twenty thousand dollars.

For years the Pan American Union promoted the idea of an inter-American music center. Finally, the OAS Inter-American Cultural Council, at its first meeting in

Mexico City in 1951, specifically recommended establishing an organization that would be a source of information and an instrument of musical interchange among the American nations, including Canada; would allow more direct participation in Hemisphere musical activities; and would work closely with the UNESCO International Music Council. At its second session in Lima in May 1956, it further recommended that the OAS Council give full backing to IAMC, which had been organized the month before.

After a series of conferences, attended by musicians and others in the Latin American musical movement (many of whom were studying in this country under U.S. State Department sponsorship), IAMC was set up as an autonomous body with a provisional governing board. Next May, at a general assembly in Mexico City, a permanent board will be named. Meanwhile, the PAU Music Section lends technical assistance and functions as secretariat.

The IAMC statutes outline its aims: to promote the interchange of music and musicians of the Hemisphere; to call periodic meetings to study problems of musical education; to encourage folkloric research; to urge official and private organizations to support musical activities; and, above all, to promote inter-American festivals of music.

IAMC also proposed that national councils, with dele-



Bogotá String Quartet in concert at PAU in 1955. Left to right: Jaime Guillén, Gabriel Hernández, Hubert Aumere, Luis Matzenauer



gates from both official and private music organizations, participate directly in a liaison capacity. So far, Canada, Colombia, Cuba, and Mexico have organized theirs, while the United States already had one—the National Music Council of the USA, with headquarters in New York and made up of fifty-four private organizations. Commissions to set up others have been named in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador, Guatemala, Panama, and Peru.

Since 1947 International House in New Orleans has been pushing the idea of holding an Inter-American Festival of Music. Perhaps with more enthusiasm than foresight, IAMC accepted the invitation to participate in one that was to be held there next April. As it turned out, there was too little time for composers to prepare the commissioned works; the creation of the national councils had met with delays; and the Second Festival of Caracas and the Pablo Casals festival in Puerto Rico were scheduled for about the same time. Therefore, the New Orleans festival has been postponed to 1958.

Meanwhile, plans are going forward. The festival will include symphonic concerts, choral works, chamber music, folkloric songs and dances, and an opera. In addition to the commissioned works, others will be selected by the program committee from those recommended by the national music councils. "I hope this festival will be for the New World what Salzburg is for the Old," Lloyd J. Cobb, local civic leader, ex-president of International House, and president of the proposed Inter-American Festival of Music, told a group of civic and cultural leaders in outlining the plans.

Funds will come from the International House and from New Orleans artistic and commercial organizations. To cover initial expenses, the House contributed twenty-five hundred dollars, and Durel Black—a gentleman interested in musical therapy who gave ten thousand dollars to set up courses in this field at Tulane—donated a thousand dollars for commissioning works. A special committee will collect the rest of the funds.

At a meeting in Philadelphia last September 5, the Commissioning Committee decided to ask for a concerto for piano and orchestra by Roberto Caamaño of Argentina; an orchestral work by Camargo Guarnieri of Brazil; a trio for piano, violin, and cello by Violet Archer of Canada; a composition for a chamber group by José Ardévol of Cuba; a string quartet by Chilean Juan Orrego Salas; a symphonic work by Paul Creston of the United States; a work for a capella choir by Mexican Luis Sandi; and a composition for string orchestra by Héctor Tosar Errecart of Uruguay.

If determination and enthusiasm can be taken as a measure, the festival will be a thundering success. The spirit behind IAMC's first big job is reflected in a statement Guillermo Espinosa, head of the PAU Music Division, made in New Orleans: "In America we have always had a complex about not being able to do what the Europeans do. The time has come to reject this false notion. We have artists as capable of great works as the Europeans. All they need is opportunity, and we must provide it." ♦ ♦ ♦

Air view of National Conservatory of Music in Mexico City



Mexican hat weaver in workshop fifteen feet below ground. Caves are equipped with skylights and ventilation tubes

Hats from Underground

UNIQUE INDUSTRY IN YUCATAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT SEVERIN

SOME FIFTEEN HUNDRED INHABITANTS of the town of Becal, on the Yucatan peninsula in southern Mexico, descendants of the ancient Maya Indians, all have something in common: they weave straw hats in caves fifteen feet underground. Hardly a house in this village, forty-five miles southwest of Mérida, the Yucatan capital, is without a hole in its backyard into which the entire family, children as well as grown-ups, descends each day to carry on this trade. The subterranean coolness and moisture are just right for the manufacture of delicate, finely woven headgear. Some of the caves are very roomy and are enlarged as the family grows. There is even a four-room underground school, where teachers paid by the community show youngsters how to carry on the traditional craft. A cooperative organization supplies the

raw material, the fiber of the local *jipi* palm, to make the hats, then buys and distributes the finished products.

About eight thousand hats are turned out weekly in Becal. Seven thousand are of an ordinary type and sell for about three Mexican pesos each (about twenty-five U.S. cents at current exchange rates). Perhaps eight hundred are "five thread" quality. These take six days each to make and bring twenty pesos or \$1.60. Five weeks' labor goes into the manufacture of the fine "sixteen thread" hats, worth one hundred Mexican pesos (eight dollars), and only about ten are finished every week. Sent to Mexico City or sold abroad, these compare favorably with the premium headgear of Ecuador known as Panama hats. They are feather-light and of silky quality, and will not lose their shape.



Jipi palm yields fiber used as raw material for the hats. It is split into thin, workable strips with a needle



Straw is spread out to dry and bleach in the streets of Becal, village that is given over to hat-making

Class in a cave: teacher paid by community instructs children in the ancient art of hat-weaving



Small girl learns to make hats of different grades. It takes five weeks to turn out top-quality headgear





An entire family at work in the spacious cave that offers proper moisture and temperature conditions for the delicate straw hats

Doorway to cave in Becal backyard. Note swatches of jipi straw drying in foreground



Brim is smoothed with a conch shell before hat is trimmed and stitched. Finished hats are sold both locally and abroad

"Homework" is delivered to cooperative that distributes raw fiber to manufacturers and markets their products



On the Economic Front

WINGS OVER THE AMERICAS

A direct air link between Chicago and southern South America was inaugurated on October 5 with a flight from Sao Paulo, Brazil, by Real-Aerovias, the Brazilian International Airlines. Stops were made at Rio de Janeiro, Belem, Port-of-Spain, Caracas, and Miami. Weekly service is offered. A rival Brazilian line, Varig, has added a third weekly flight to its Buenos Aires-New York run. After a lapse of eighteen years, the German Lufthansa line has resumed flights from Hamburg to Rio and Buenos Aires, with stops at Dusseldorf, Frankfurt, Paris, and Dakar. Brazil, incidentally, is the second country in the world in volume of air traffic. Over three hundred Brazilian towns and cities are linked by air routes, and traffic is heavier between Rio and Sao Paulo than between Paris and London. The Brazilian airlines are girding themselves for further load increases by acquiring new planes. Real-Aerovias has adopted the Metropolitan Super-Convair 440, the largest of two-motor planes, carrying fifty-two passengers at high altitudes. Varig has received a \$3,950,000 U.S. Export-Import Bank loan to go toward purchase of two new Constellations, and the same bank has advanced \$6,900,000 to Panair do Brasil to buy four Douglas DC-7Cs for its runs to Europe and the Near East.

In Argentina, Aerolineas Argentinas has established a new regular service between Buenos Aires and Montevideo, Uruguay. Another company, Transcontinental Airlines, S.A., which formerly operated as Condor Empresa Aerea, has been authorized by the national government to operate routes to New York and San Francisco, as well as within the country. It plans to purchase five Lockheed Super-Constellations for the international runs. It expected to begin domestic passenger service from the capital to Rosario and to Mar del Plata by the first of the year.

CINTA, a Chilean airline, recently began twice-weekly round-trip flights between Santiago and Miami, with stops at Antofagasta and Arica in Chile; Lima, Peru; and Panama City. It uses twin-engine Curtiss C-46 planes.

The new airport inaugurated in October at Barrancabermeja, Colombia, will be the country's biggest until completion of expanded facilities at Bogota, the capital. Its six-thousand-foot runway can handle the largest commercial

planes. The field provides a major link between the coastal cities of Barranquilla and Cartagena and Bogota and will facilitate further exploration and drilling in the oil-rich Magdalena Valley.

After ten years of negotiations, Colombia and the United States have finally signed a civil aviation agreement, which goes into effect January 1. It authorizes continuance of existing routes from the United States via Cali and Medellin and permits a new route for U.S. planes via Barranquilla to Bogota, Leticia, and points beyond (in the Western Hemisphere). Braniff International Airways has been authorized by the CAB to fly into Barranquilla and Bogota. Hitherto, only the Colombian line AVIANCA had served the capital. The "Leticia and beyond" clause provides for possible future service linking up with Brazilian cities. AVIANCA has been flying to Miami and New York. Under the new agreement, Colombia will have the right to continue beyond New York (presumably to Canada) and to land in New Orleans. Colombia was also granted a route via San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Europe.

At the Latin American Aviation Conference in Miami Beach in November, sponsored by the export committee of the U.S. Aircraft Industries Association, two hundred U.S. manufacturers, bankers, Air Force officers, and State Department officials spent three days with representatives of Latin American air forces and airlines, frankly discussing their equipment requirements and procurement problems. The Latin American lines made it clear that they need long-term financing if they are to get all the modern equipment they need to play their full role in economic development, and U.S. industry representatives were well impressed with their proposals along this line.

Meanwhile, looking toward flight safety, a special Caribbean regional air navigation meeting held in Guatemala City voted additions to a plan, previously approved by the International Civil Aviation Organization, to provide positive position fixing for pilots in the area. Two new CONSOL navigational aids are planned, one for the Key West area and one in eastern Cuba.

To meet competition from non-scheduled lines, representatives of scheduled airlines of fifteen countries voted in Buenos Aires to establish cut-rate tourist service between South American and European points via the South Atlantic route after March 1, provided the governments concerned approve.



points of view

CHECK THAT BAGGAGE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Coltejer (Compañía Colombiana de Tejidos), a large textile firm in Medellín, *Lanzadera* is a comparatively new house organ that contains articles of general interest as well as special items for the employees. Ten thousand copies of each issue are distributed gratis. This correspondence exchange between an Ecuadorian hotel manager and a Colombian traveler appeared in the regular humor section called "*Trama y Urdimbre* [Woof and Warp]":

"... Dear Sir: When our housekeeper made her regular inspection after each guest's departure, she noted that two wool blankets, valued at eight Colombian pesos apiece, were missing from the room you occupied. . . . If you happen to come across them when you unpack, we would appreciate your returning them at once. We have observed that guests often inadvertently put articles of this sort in with their things when they leave. Naturally. . . . they soon realize their mistake. Hoping to have the pleasure of serving you again in the future, we remain. . . ."

"... Dear Sir: I am awfully upset to learn from your very tactful letter . . . that the guests in your hotel are so forgetful as to pack insignificant articles like wool blankets (at eight Colombian pesos each) in with their extra tie and dirty shirt. . . . I suppose the passengers on your trains frequently carry off a locomotive or

a few hundred yards of rails when they reach their destination. Or that visitors to the zoo might abscond with an elephant or rhinoceros, hidden in a peanut bag after the contents (valued at five cents) have been consumed.

"However, in the case at hand, perhaps I can help you find the recalcitrant blankets. It happens that when I registered at your hotel, I intended to stay a week . . . and needed all the drawer space available. The aforementioned blankets were in the bottom drawer of the bureau, where I wanted to put some shirts (three pesos each). So I removed the blankets and put them on a stool. Later . . . I gave them (the same blankets at the same price) to the maid, asking her—most courteously—to take them to the devil. If you count the blankets in your esteemed hotel, you will find them all there . . . , unless, of course, other absent-minded guests have lodged in your well-run establishment since. Cordially yours. . . ."

"P.S. Have you counted your elevators lately?"

DREAM VACATION

TEN YEARS AGO the prominent Peruvian architect and educator Fernando Belaúnde Terry proposed a plan for a vacation spot near Lima that would be within the financial reach of the working class. Today his idea has materialized as the government-subsidized "Climatic Vacation Center," occupy-

ing some fifty acres just twenty miles from the Peruvian capital. Jorge Donayre B. describes this "effective social advance" in *La Prensa* of Lima:

"... The Center is made up of several blocks of buildings of modern architectural design, surrounded by greenery, huge trees, and odd-shaped artificial ponds. With room for a thousand people . . . , it is like a small city. Ninety-one bungalows for families extend from one end of the Center to the other; single people or couples without children can stay in any of the 192 double-room accommodations in the so-called pavilions. This means that approximately ten thousand families a year—or a total of about fifty-five thousand people—can enjoy the Huampaní Center.

"The bungalows and pavilions have been built on both sides of the main block of buildings, the heart of Huampaní. . . . The administration pavilion . . . , the huge cafeteria . . . , the kitchen . . . , the bakery . . . , the recreation pavilion . . . , the shops . . . , the nursery . . . , and the restaurant for transient guests comprise this 'down-town' section.

"Near the central area are two blocks of buildings where the employees live. Here, too, are the infirmary . . . and another recreation pavilion. . . . At one end of the city are a swimming pool . . . and two basketball courts. . . ."

"[In July 1955] the first guests occupied the comfortable two- or three-bedroom bungalows, . . . which are far enough apart to assure privacy for those who want to rest or those who want to enjoy the undisturbed tranquillity of a honeymoon. . . ."

"The dining room for guests seats four hundred . . . , and there are no taxes or tips. The restaurant for visitors is popular too, and its prices are only slightly higher.

"... Rates include meals and lodging. . . . In the bungalows each adult must pay forty soles [there are about twenty soles to a dollar] a day—breakfast, lunch, and dinner included—and children thirty soles. If there are more than three children in a family, the charge is only twenty-five soles each. For example, a man, his wife, and two children would pay a

total of one hundred and forty soles a day in a two-bedroom bungalow. If they stay for a week end (three days), it would run them about four hundred soles. Two weeks, twenty-five hundred soles. . . .

"In the apartments . . . the rate is thirty-five soles for adults, which means that a bachelor could spend a week at the Center for approximately two hundred and fifty soles.

"These rates are about 50 per cent less than those in the government-run tourist hotels. The hotel in Nazca charges seventy soles a day; the one in Arequipa, seventy-five; and the one in Piura, eighty—all plus the 16.5 per cent tax. . . ."

MEXICAN MARKETS

IN THE MAGAZINE *Mexico This Month*, Pauline R. Kibbe says that "market places—or *tianguis*, as they were called in ancient times—have always been the center of life and activity in Mexican towns":

" . . . In 1519 the Tlaltelolco market, about a mile north of the Zócalo, so filled the Spaniards with amazement and admiration that pages were devoted to its description in official reports of the conquerors, as well as in the annals of later historians. According to Hernán Cortés, it was of such size that sixty thousand people congregated there daily, 'buying and selling every class of merchandise to be found in the country.'

"Cortés was impressed with the manner in which the market was run, each class of merchandise displayed only in its own 'street,' and the articles sold by the piece or measure, not by weight. He remarked also on the efficiency with which the market was policed and the dispatch with which miscreants were brought to justice before the market judges.

"Among those who brought their wares to the Tlaltelolco market, says the historian Prescott, were the silversmiths of Azcapotzalco, the potters and jewelers of Cholula, the painters of Texcoco, the stonecutters of Tenayuca, the hunters of Jilotepec, the fishermen of Cuxtlahuac, the fruit growers of the hot lowlands, the chair and mat makers of Cuautitlán, and the florists of Xochimilco. . . .

"Although all market places are

open seven days a week, one day . . . is specified as 'market day.' In the Coyoacán market, for example, some 336 vendors are permanently housed in the new market place; but on Friday, Coyoacán's 'market day,' the total number of vendors rises to more than fifteen hundred, the transients establishing themselves in concrete stalls provided for that purpose in the courtyard of the market building. These mobile merchants move from one market to another on the respective 'market days.'

"This is the system in operation throughout the country. Each city, town, and village is thus part of a continuing cycle of market days, which in many cases are like fairs, drawing merchants and purchasers from many miles around. Dating from ancient days, this system, absorbed into medieval European patterns by the Spaniards, remains essentially the same today.

"One can only wonder what would have been the Aztecs' reaction to the attractive modern buildings of concrete, glass, and mosaic tile—complete with the latest refrigeration devices, nurseries for the children of the market vendors, and uniformed attendants—in which [Mexico City's] market places are rapidly being housed. Sixteen new plants are already in operation, and more are under construction.

"Much of the storied color and glamour are missing, but the orderliness, functional beauty, and convenience of today's market places recall the Aztec system in many ways, and they are rich still in human interest."



—Un incidente técnico, independiente de nuestra voluntad, nos obliga a interrumpir nuestro reportaje sobre "La Cocina a Través del Mundo"

"Due to technical difficulties beyond our control, we must interrupt this broadcast on 'Cooking Throughout the World.'" —Carteles, Havana



"Do you have anything new on Picasso?" —Jornal de Letras, Rio de Janeiro

A two-page illustrated map of Mexico City markets, drawn by Vladimiro Machado, accompanies Miss Kibbe's article, with the following information on what to buy where:

"[IN] THE LAGUNILLA MARKET . . . if you look long and hard enough, the most exotic, unbelievable things can be found—and cheap, too, if [you are] a master bargainer. First steps in construction on the new, enlarged . . . market buildings have been taken . . . and all vendors have been ordered out of the middle of the streets into the old building. . . .

"THE MERCED (produce and peasant crafts) is the largest market in Mexico City. . . . Going [there] means a full-fledged expedition, complete with a detailed map of what's where and a full complement of small boy bearers. Construction of the five new units is now well under way.

"ABELARDO RODRÍGUEZ MARKET (pottery and crafts) . . . was the first of the major markets to be rejuvenated, and several years before the present epoch of market clean-up. Out back [is] . . . a truly remarkable display of . . . all the major pottery styles of the republic.

"SAN JUAN MARKET has for some time been the number-one market for the housewife who wants the freshest seafood, the finest fruit and vegetables, and some of the more out-of-the-ordinary foods. Here you can even find such foreign delicacies as ginger root, bean sprouts, and soy sauce.

"THE FLOWER MARKET . . . is a unit of the San Juan market. It used to be the outside border of the old market. . . . but [is now] in a huge building all its own. Here you'll find bushel baskets of orchids and gardenias,

forests of gladiolas, and the first tiny bunches of violets.

"THE JUÁREZ MARKET (general merchandise and food) is typical of the big neighborhood markets scattered throughout the city. Some seventeen . . . have been completely rebuilt and inaugurated in the last three years. . . .

"JAMAICA . . . , halfway between the vegetable and flower gardens of Xochimilco and the capital . . . , [is where] small farmers bring their produce and livestock for sale and transportation into the city proper. Its new home will be [opened] shortly.

"XOCHIMILCO is the starting point for most of the fresh vegetables coming into the city. Until the last decade a canal connected Xochimilco with the capital . . . , and vendors paddled their canoes laden with great bunches of flowers and vegetables into the city. . . . Now trucks do the job. . . ."

HOLIDAY JAM

AN EDITORIAL in the Brazilian daily *O Estado de São Paulo* deals with a problem that is all too familiar to most of us:

"On a recent holiday week end thousands of people set out for the beaches, only to find that the Via Anchieta [a super-highway built some years ago between São Paulo and Santos] not only is in a state of disrepair but also has reached its saturation point. On Friday, and again on Sunday evening, . . . automobiles lined up for miles at the toll post and at the usual bottleneck near the Cubatão power plant. Drivers lost about an hour in bumper-to-bumper traffic. . . .

"An estimated twenty thousand vehicles traveled from São Paulo to Santos last Friday. It was chaos on Sun-

day, when cars began to pile up even before they could get out of Santos. . . . Those coming from Guarujá or Praia Grande had to suffer with the highly unreliable ferry service and the rickety suspension bridge. They had to wait and wait . . . before starting the slow trip up the mountainside with overheated engines. . . .

"Bus riders were even worse off, since schedules went haywire. Thousands of passengers . . . were stranded for hours, all because the public vehicles could not break through the private-car barrier. Despite the commendable efforts of the highway patrol . . . , the tie-up was probably the worst since the day the highway was opened.

"All the trouble arose from two things that could have been corrected long ago. First, the State Highway Department should have sold toll tickets in advance . . . , since the jam at the toll post was certainly predictable. . . . Second, it is a mystery why the bottleneck near Cubatão has not yet been relieved. After all, the highway has been open for years . . . , and it is merely a question of building a bridge across the Casqueiro River . . . , which entails no difficult engineering problems. . . ."

EDUCATOR ON WHEELS

DRIVERS for the Cooperativa de Omnibus Aliados in Havana can buy into the company and thus achieve a degree of self-sufficiency. The unusual accomplishments of one modest, civic-minded co-op member were written up in *El Mundo*, Havana daily:

"Elpidio Núñez, a young man barely thirty, already owns and manages one of the COA's busiest routes. . . . While most people who have arrived at his

station in life sit back and enjoy their prosperity, Núñez . . . works eighteen hours a day. In addition to seeing to it that the vehicles on Route Four are kept scrupulously clean and in excellent running order, he supports a free school for about four hundred children, kindergarteners through sixth-graders, who live . . . in the area served by his route. Moreover, two modern buses pick up the pupils at their homes and take them to and from school, all at no cost. . . ."

GRAPHICS CREDIT

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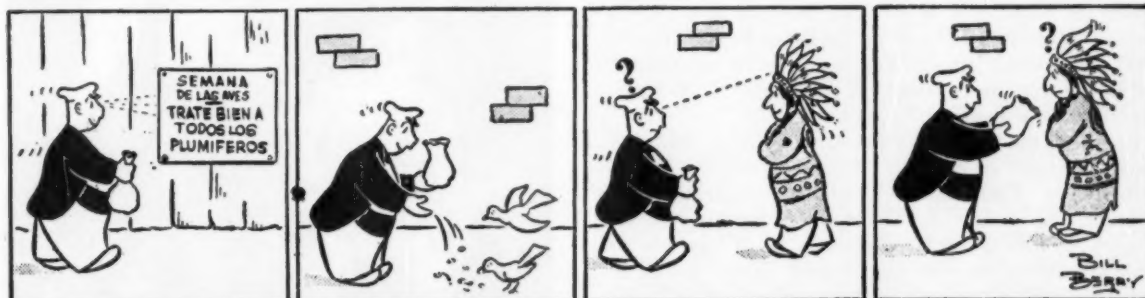
Inside
back cover Alberto Tardío Maids

ANSWERS to Quiz on page 43

1. Huaso. 2. Brazil. Maracanã Stadium, in Rio de Janeiro, holds 200,000. 3. Ojos del Salado, Chile. 4. Pesos. 5. True. 6. Argentina. 7. Persia. 8. Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia. 9. Mexico. 10. Pancho Gonzales, born in Los Angeles of Mexican parents. Pancho Segura was born in Ecuador.

Por Bill Berry

BENITO



Be-kind-to-your-feathered-friends week.—Unión, Mexico City



Embassy Row

"OUR PEOPLES attach deep significance to the strengthening of the OAS just now, when the discussions of the special Committee of American Presidential Representatives are going forward," according to Julio Antonio Lacarte Muró, Uruguay's new Ambassador to the OAS and the United States.

The envoy from Uruguay brings to his new post a dual background in international affairs—as a diplomat and as an official of an international organization, the United Nations. Born in Montevideo in 1918, he began his career at the age of twenty-two as Attaché to the Legation in London, where he was later raised to the rank of Secretary of Embassy. His connection with the UN dates from the time of its foundation. He represented Uruguay on the Preparatory Commission, on the Headquarters Committee, and in the First General Assembly. In 1946 he joined the Secretariat as Assistant Director of the Division of Trade and Balance of Payments in the Department of Economic Affairs. For two years he represented the UN at various meetings, including the Ninth Inter-American Conference in Caracas.

Rejoining the Uruguayan Foreign Service in 1948, Dr. Lacarte became successively Minister Counselor of the Embassy in Washington, Minister Plenipotentiary to Ecuador, and Ambassador to Bolivia. In speaking for his country at international conferences, he is best known for his opinions on economic matters. Economics is, in fact, Ambassador Lacarte's specialty, and among his books

on the subject is *Política Económica Exterior del Uruguay* (The Foreign Economic Policy of Uruguay), published in 1955. "In my view OAS progress in the economic field falls short of that in the juridical field," he notes. "Juridical success has been possible because questions of this kind have been settled and spelled out in up-to-date conventions. The same thing is true in the political and military fields; for example, we have the American Treaty on Pacific Settlement and the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance. Though it is true that the Americas are an example to the world in the politico-juridical field, this cannot be said of economic cooperation, an area in which we have barely made a start."

Ambassador Lacarte takes a lively interest in reading, music, art, and the theater, activities he considers invaluable to an understanding of other peoples. He feels that efforts along these lines have been limited, "despite the remarkable ideological unity of the nations of the Hemisphere." On the other hand, he says, the fact that an Inter-American Cultural Council has been created augurs well for the future.

The new Ambassador is optimistic about the OAS. Uruguay, he says, will lend enthusiastic support to any increase in the responsibilities of the OAS as our supreme regional organization. For the OAS demonstrates to the rest of the world the job that we in America can do. Here we have an additional reason for not disappointing public opinion, which awaits with interest the outcome of the special Presidential Committee's work." ♦ ♦ ♦

English-born Mrs. Lacarte, the former Ivy O'Hara, with the three children: Eduardo César, two; Antonio Julio, five; and Julieta Luisa, fifteen





BOOKS

RECENT LITERATURE IN CHILE

COMARCA DEL JAZMÍN Y SUS MEJORES CUENTOS, by Oscar Castro. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, S.A., 1953. 1956. 171 p.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO, by Francisco Coloane. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, S.A., 1956. 152 p.

HIJO DE LADRÓN, by Manuel Rojas. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1951. 366 p. Translated from the Spanish by Frank Gaynor under the title BORN GUILTY (New York, Library Publishers, 1955).

NUESTROS VECINOS ARGENTINOS, by Alejandro Magnet. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, S.A., 1956. 428 p.

ANTOLOGÍA DE MEDIO SIGLO, compiled by Hugo Montes. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, S.A., 1956. 346 p.

Reviewed by Dorothy Hayes de Huneeus

The last six months have been a singularly unfruitful period in Chilean literature. Of those books that have been published, many have been translations or reprints. For instance, *Yo Soy Tú* (already reviewed in these pages), the entertaining reminiscences of Jorge Délano, better known as "Coke," Chile's leading cartoonist, recently went into its sixth edition in less than two years. Another reprint, of a different order, is *Comarca del Jazmín*, a collection of the best short stories of Oscar Castro, who won a posthumous place among the outstanding fiction writers of Chile with the publication of his novel *Llampo de Sangre* in 1950, three years after his death from tuberculosis at the tragically early age of thirty-seven. It was as a poet—a disciple although not an imitator of García Lorca—that he became known in his lifetime, and in the ten stories contained in *Comarca del Jazmín* a certain lyrical quality pervades his prose. His style is not entirely free of the clichés that infest so

much otherwise robust Chilean writing. But lapses of this kind are redeemed by a sensitively precise observation, reflected in images as natural and vivid as "a cicada's saw rasps the noonday into shavings," while his alert imagination perceives in the whole external universe a secret life of its own, which in turn vibrates in the background of his stories and communicates to his language an indefinable power.

It is not power, however, but delicacy that characterizes his evocation of the "Jasmine Land" of the title—a child's garden world, redolent of the wonder and fragrance of spring. With the lightest and tenderest of touches, a child's infinite airy webs of fantasy are set afloat in a shimmering luminous confusion of scents and colors and the tinkling notes of a toy piano and a linnet's song.

There is a sharp contrast between Juanito's wondering and unspoiled vision of the natural world and the remaining stories in the collection, in which its beauty is so often at odds with human hatred or penury or scandal-mongering or fanatical superstition. Yet something of the same tenderness and charm reappears over and over again: in the rustic love scene witnessed by "El Callejón [The Lane]"; at the rodeo, where Don Sebastián's paternal pride brims over as "El Dotorcito," home on vacation from the Faculty of Medicine, proves that city life has not made him incapable of emulating his father's prowess; even in the rough joy of "El Ultimo," the lonely charcoal-burner, when out of the night the mountain that he loves and will not leave brings him a lost girl, so that he need not be the last Ciriaco Zuñiga after all; and, most movingly, perhaps, in "El Porotal," a simple little tale of acres of beanfields attacked by a horde of caterpillars. The tenant farmers, seeing their livelihood thus fatally threatened, go in a body to beg the *patrón* to bring a priest back with him when he goes to town. Latin and holy water might do much; old Celedonio Parra has heard of such things; only, the priest must be a Franciscan, since that is the only order, it seems, for which these particular little beasts feel any respect. The impressive ceremony of exorcism takes place. But for two days nothing happens, and the peasants' hopeful faith begins to sink into skeptical despair. On the third morning, old Celedonio and his wife, half anxious for the daylight, half wishing it would never come, steal out at dawn to look at their beanfield. And . . . there are the caterpillars, hanging dry and withered from their silken threads, dead or dying every one! A miracle? Or have the caterpillars simply eaten their fill and died off, as Celedonio had heard from his father is the way of their kind? The reader is left to believe what inclination and upbringing suggest; it is the final picture of the old couple's ingenuous joy and thankfulness that matters, and will remain in his mind.

It is typical of Oscar Castro thus to conjure a story out of practically nothing. Occasionally, as in the beautifully told "Lucero," he makes use of the sort of apparently trivial coincidence in whose irremediable consequences Thomas Hardy so often saw the ironical malice of fate. In this case, two riders, one at each end of a

mountain trail only just wide enough for a man on horseback, duly fire the two shots that are the accepted signal that the trail is occupied. But they do so at exactly the same moment, so that neither hears the other, and they meet in the middle of the pass. For either to turn round and go back is impossible on that narrow ledge; one of the two will have to finish his journey on foot. They toss for it, and the owner of Lucero—wise, affectionate old Lucero, with the morning star on his forehead—loses the toss. This time the tremendous trifle brings only a minor tragedy in its train. And it is much to Castro's credit that he handles it with just the right degree of feeling, and without himself pitching over into the abyss of sentimentality.

If our interest is unfailingly held by material so slight, and even by a theme so well-worn as that of the "Epopéya de Juan Crespo," which deals with a kind of Andean Robin Hood, it is partly because all Oscar Castro's characters are remarkably real people, alive and individual, and their accent and turn of speech, although picturesque, are authentic, especially in those bouts of repartee, teasing or provoking or frankly venomous, but always witty, at which the Chilean excels.

The same note of authenticity, though differently sounded, is to be heard in *Tierra del Fuego*, by Francisco Coloane. Since the vogue of the short story is at its height in Chile, it is perhaps not surprising that one of the most talked-of new books should also be in this genre. The eight stories in *Tierra del Fuego* are, first and foremost, tales for the armchair traveler. Although their author is generally considered one of Chile's leading exponents of the short story, it is not actual narrative construction that is his strongest point. His presentation of magnificent material—as in the case of "Cómo Murió el Chilote Otey [How Otey, of Chiloé, Died]," in which the grotesque and the sublimely heroic fuse in what has the makings of a supremely dramatic climax—is apt to trail off into almost casual understatement at the very point where he should be working up to his most powerful effect. But those who would have liked to savor existence in every corner of the world can feel in their very bones, as they turn the pages of Francisco Coloane's latest book, the pitiless loneliness of the wind-tormented southern extreme of what Benjamín Subercaseaux has called Chile's "crazy geography."

Tierra del Fuego has no monopoly on the cupidity, the treachery, the brutal violence that are the stuff of much of Coloane's writing; there are other parts of the world where suspicion is every rider's more or less dissimulated reaction when another's trail joins his and the two horses drop into a jog-trot side by side. Nor is it only in Tierra del Fuego that whiskey is often the only refuge from unbearable solitude, or that men have to live without women (the big sheep-raising companies do not care to employ married men). But to read Coloane's stories is to feel that all these problems are somehow terribly intensified by the cold, the restless wind, the utter solitude of living at the end of the world. There prehistory is still a haunting presence in the caves and valleys carved out by glaciers who knows how many

Francisco Coloane,
author of *Tierra
del Fuego*



ages ago; there men may fall victim to strange and awful hallucinations, like Handler in "En el Caballo de la Aurora [On the Horse of Dawn]," or may slowly disintegrate and only if they are strong undergo a later phase of renewed vigor, in which, as Clifton says in "Tierra del Olvido [Land of Forgetting]," "Nature re-integrates you by absorbing you into itself, as one of its own elements."

Few but misfits like Handler or exceptional characters like Clifton can turn to reading as a way of escape. In any case, books are not easily come by on a sheep-raising station in Tierra del Fuego. Coloane remembers, however, that when at eighteen he went to work on one of these great *estancias*, and in due course became a ranger with an area of some eight or nine thousand hectares under his charge and seven or eight thousand sheep to look after, there did occasionally fall into his hands an Argentine periodical called *Suplemento*, in which he read and re-read with passionate interest translations of the poetry of Keats and Rilke and the stories of H. E. Bates and Somerset Maugham. Nevertheless, it was with the eye of a naturalist rather than of a future writer that in the long hours when his flocks made no calls upon him he watched the gulls and cormorants, the seals and guanacos, the flamingos and wild geese and bustards, whose ways he describes with such precision in the title story of *Tierra del Fuego*. And when his wanderings brought him to Santiago, it was in order to earn the 150 pesos paid in those days by the newspaper *El Mercurio* for every story published that he began to write. Only later, he confesses, did he "come to feel the writer's responsibility."

He drew his raw material from his reminiscences of the sea as well as of Tierra del Fuego. From boyhood voyages with his father, the captain of a whaler, and from subsequent years on coasters and in the Chilean Navy, Coloane has retained something of the mingled fear and nostalgia the sea must always inspire in its lovers. In fact, he is at present engaged on a new book to be called *Camino de Ballena* (Whale Road)—an unconscious echo of the "hrön-rād" of those old Anglo-Saxon poets who shared his hatred and his longing. Two of the stories in *Tierra del Fuego*—"Cinco Marineros y un Ataúd Verde [Five Sailors and a Green Coffin]" and "Rumbo a Edén [On the Way to Eden]"—and others in *Cabo de Hornos* (Cape Horn), an earlier collection published in 1942 and recently filmed, give an extraordinarily rich and vivid picture of the life of sailors and divers aboard shellfishing or sealing coasters. This is particularly true of "Rumbo a Edén," where Coloane exploits the sailor's natural tendency to "yarn" in order

to introduce a wider range of experiences than his basic plot would permit him to cover; the keynote of "Cinco Marineros y un Ataúd Verde" is the superstition that is as powerful in the lives of Coloane's mariners as it is among Castro's miners.

Vividness is indeed the most notable quality of Francisco Coloane's writing. Fascinated by history—two earlier books about the sea were successful historical stories for boys—he often turns to the past for inspiration, deriving his plots from some real-life episode or character: a workers' rising in Patagonia, or the fantastic career of that extraordinary Rumanian, Julius Popper, engineer, adventurer, and self-styled King of El Páramo, who harvested the very sea for gold. But Coloane's faculty for the imaginative re-creation of detail, nourished by the impressions with which his keen powers of observation have stored a singularly retentive memory, enables him to pass almost imperceptibly from the Tierra del Fuego of twenty to that of fifty or a hundred years ago. The scenes he evokes linger obstinately in the mind—the grotesque funeral procession, for instance, in which the green coffin, rocking and swaying as the sailors' feet slip on the snowy street, seems a bit of the sea borne on their shoulders; or the cardsharp of "La Botella de Caña," hearing in his own heart the hoofbeats that drum the approach across the solitary pampa of the man he is waiting to murder; or the nine hundred survivors of the Patagonian rebellion, squatting on the dark peat stacks under a heavy sky, while their leader, Facón Grande, lifting the hands clenched inside his trouser pockets as if he were resting them on some invisible support, rocks slightly on his raised heels as he prepares to issue the last orders that are tantamount to dealing out life and death among his men. Clarity and precision are Coloane's declared aims as a writer. But the deep feeling that imbues his work endows it with a memorable quality that these alone could not give. The emotion is sometimes purely dramatic; but there is pity and indignation in these stories too, along with a profound understanding of human foibles and temptations.

Another Chilean writer whose career has been at least as varied as Coloane's is Manuel Rojas. He now holds an important post in the University of Chile, but in his adventurous youth he was successively laborer, bargeman, night-watchman, house-painter, sailor, actor, typographer, and journalist. In his best-known novel, *Hijo de Ladrón* (Son of a Thief), originally published in 1951 and recently translated into English under the significant title *Born Guilty*, Rojas uses a technique of autobio-

graphical and confidential reminiscence not unlike that employed by Coloane in "Rumbo a Edén," but much more fully and subtly developed. Although the narrator-protagonist neither particularly wished nor intended to follow his father's profession, it is difficult for the son of so notorious a thief as "El Gallego" to escape from his heritage. But this powerfully written book is a picaresque novel with a difference. The traditional rogues' gallery, with its range of curious and fascinating types, is presented with an unusual combination of sympathy and detachment. Fundamentally, Rojas' attitude is that the thief is a professional like any other, who falls into jail as a carpenter may fall from a ladder; and as in any other profession, a sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between those of its members who at bottom are decent human beings and those who are treacherous, cowardly, or cruel. The same blend of detachment and humanity characterizes Aniceto's attitude toward policemen and jailers, of whom he speaks without bitterness or resentment; they are what they are, and must do their job, and when they treat him with unexpected consideration he records the fact with gratitude. But the dispassionate objectivity with which he describes his sufferings during his spells in jail and their subsequent effect on his health, or the inescapable obsession of the destitute with their daily need to satisfy the sheer biological necessities of eating and sleeping—and, in the case of the decently-brought-up Aniceto, at all events, washing—lends additional force to the implied indictment of a society that offers no chance of respectability to a boy who happens to be the "Son of a Thief."

Equally factual, if not quite equally detached, on another plane and in another connection, is Alejandro Magnet's *Nuestros Vecinos Argentinos* (Our Argentine Neighbors). Having created a sensation two years ago with *Nuestros Vecinos Justicialistas*, this exceedingly well-informed writer has now completed his analysis of the rise, decline, and fall of the régime of Juan Domingo Perón. There are some topical studies that at once establish their claim to be regarded as historical treatises. Despite the fact that Alejandro Magnet's two books are written from the Chilean standpoint and are, inevitably, much concerned with the problem of relations between Argentina and Chile, they may perhaps be considered as falling into this category. It is interesting to note how much importance he attaches to Perón's openly expressed contempt for the "bugbear" of economics. But, whatever view may be taken of his interpretations and conclusions, in following up his previous analysis of Argentine domestic and foreign policy under the Perón régime with a comprehensive examination of the causes and course of recent developments, Magnet presents without passion, though not without irony, and with a great deal of frankness, an immense body of information which must prove of the utmost value to all who are interested in obtaining a thorough grasp of the situation in Argentina. Moreover, a lively and forceful style, combined with considerable psychological insight, makes *Nuestros Vecinos Argentinos* excellent reading.

Chile has always been rich in poets, and a useful



Pablo Neruda, represented in anthology of twentieth-century poetry



Alberto Rubio, young
Chilean poet

bird's-eye view of their production over the last fifty years is afforded by Hugo Montes' *Antología de Medio Siglo*. Not unnaturally, the collection is dominated by the two figures whose reputation is world-wide—Gabriela Mistral and Pablo Neruda—closely followed by Vicente Huidobro, who stands almost as high in the opinion of the Chileans themselves. But here too are to be found some of the sonnets of Pedro Prado, musical and sincere within the limits of their compromise between classicism and post-romanticism; the sentimentally charming verses of Daniel de la Vega; the mournful grace of Manuel Magallanes Moure, perhaps a little reminiscent of Antonio Machado; glimpses of the Chilean countryside in the work of Carlos Pezoa Veliz, Oscar Castro, and Juvenio Valle; a crystalline fusion of observation and imagination in the verses of Julio Barrenechea; a long outpouring by Rosamel del Valle in which the influence of T. S. Eliot is too strongly apparent; the mystical intensity of Angel Cruchaga; the dreamy melancholy of Juan Guzmán, which in one poem, "Canción," attains an exquisite lyrical simplicity; and characteristic productions by Pablo de Rokha, Francisco Donoso, and many more of the older poets, as well as by some representatives of the rising generation.

The selection of poems perhaps leaves something to be desired. On the whole, it is most satisfactory in the case of Vicente Huidobro. His "Arte Poética" is here, in which he gives lapidary expression to the principle of "creationism" that inspires and explains his work. Also included—to cite only one other title—is the rhapsodical "Altazor." This offers a striking example of the exuberant fantasy, the escape from the trivial reality of the everyday world, the delight in words for their own sake, the sweeping cosmic exaltation, and the flashes of humor that distinguish his poetry as a whole. With regard to Gabriela Mistral, charming as are the singing rhythms and the tenderness of her poems about children, perhaps a little too much emphasis has been given them; room might well have been found for at least one of the poems in which she writes with so much imaginative sympathy of certain aspects of the natural scene—fallen trees, for instance, or the crooked, thorny *algarrobo* so typical of the Chile she loves. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that her real greatness and originality is rather to be discovered in those parts of her work where passion gives an extraordinary force and concentration to her language and a sort of sublime audacity to her communings with God. Fortunately, some of the best of the poems in this vein are here; the much-quoted "Nocturno" of her own Gethsemane, for instance, and the "Sonetos

de la Muerte," in which her reactions to the suicide of a faithless lover betray a strange mixture of fierce, primitive possessiveness and her own peculiar brand of mysticism. How ruthless this combination can be is illustrated by the famous close of the second sonnet:

*Sabrás que en nuestra alianza signo de astros había,
Y, roto el pacto enorme, tenía que morir.*

You will know it was the stars that joined us,
And, the tremendous pact once broken, you had to die.

The transition from this to the spirit of generous pity, love, and pardon that pervades the next two poems in the anthology—"Interrogaciones" and "El Ruego"—is one of the amazing contrasts and contradictions that go to make up the genius of Gabriela Mistral.

The importance of Pablo Neruda is, of course, undeniable. He might almost be called the T. S. Eliot of Chile. Like Eliot, he opened up new paths along which poetry, revitalized, could find its way to freedom; he has been to succeeding generations of Chilean poets what Eliot was to those who came after him in England and the States; too many of his admirers, like Eliot's, have become mere imitators, who, achieving only difficulty without depth, and attempting to reproduce his idiosyncrasies without his strength of poetic personality to sustain them, have in the end derived more harm than good from his influence. And like Eliot—the turgid mysticism of whose later years has, in the opinion of many, produced nothing so great as "The Waste Land"—he has provided one more demonstration that dedication to the service of a particular ideology tends to reduce a poet's artistic stature. But comparability with T. S. Eliot hardly justifies the fact that out of 346 pages in this anthology as many as 86 are devoted to his poems; and agreeable as it is to find that many of the beautiful early love poems are included, as well as the whole of the celebrated "Alturas de Machu-Picchu" and much of the best of his later verse, it seems a pity that room should not have been left for more than one or two poems by such promising younger figures as Nicanor Parra, for example, or Enrique Lihn, or Alberto Rubio. Even those that appear seem to have been chosen more or less at random, since they certainly do not give a fair idea of the special quality of these poets' work. To take one case only, that of Alberto Rubio, neither "Desciende, Sol, Desciende" nor "La Abuela" really exemplifies just what gives his graceful lyrics their individual freshness. Free from the influence of Neruda, and using mainly traditional forms, Alberto Rubio lightens with a delicate sense of fun his trick of blending Wordsworthian delight in nature with seventeenth-century conceits, exactly in the manner of an English poet of the countryside, Andrew Young. The compiler, Hugo Montes, has been thoughtful enough to provide an excellent bibliography covering both a wide range of previously published anthologies and the complete works of all the poets he includes, so that the curious can find their own way along the many alluring bypaths of the Chilean Parnassus.

Dorothy Hayes de Huneus, English-born translator and literary critic who has lived in Chile for many years, will report regularly on Chilean books. The illustrations are by her husband, the noted writer and caricaturist Francisco Huneus.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' SPORTS?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 37



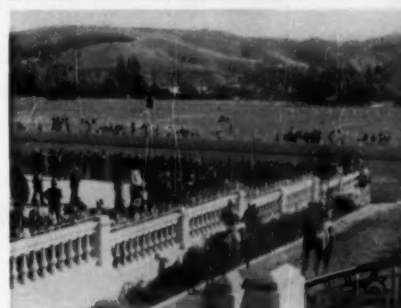
1. Would you call this young performer at a Chilean rodeo a *gaucho*, a *llanero*, or a *huaso*?

2. Soccer, as popular in many Latin American countries as baseball in the United States, has led one large South American republic to build the biggest soccer stadium in the world. Can you guess which one?



3. These *andinistas*, as mountain climbers are known in the western part of South America, have recently conquered a peak that is now considered the highest in the Americas. Is it Pico Bolívar, Venezuela; Ojos del Salado, Chile; or Alpamayo, Peru?

4. This race track is located at Viña del Mar, most famous of Chilean beach resorts. Would you make your bets there in pesos, cruzeiros, or soles?



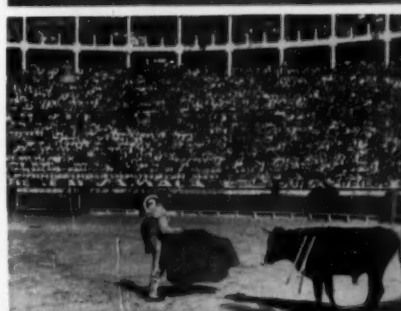
5. Cycling is not only a form of recreation in most of the American countries, but also an organized, competitive sport. True or false?

6. *Pato*, invented in the sixteenth century in what is today the largest meat-exporting country in Latin America, is a game combining features of polo and basketball. Where would you be most likely to see a *pato* match?



7. Polo, which in the Americas is most popular in the U.S.A., Argentina, Mexico, and Venezuela, was invented in (a) Ireland, (b) Uruguay, (c) Persia?

8. In addition to Mexico and to a lesser degree Central America (where visiting *cuadrillas* put on an occasional show), what five Latin American countries practice the art of bullfighting?



9. Basketball is very popular among women athletes in Latin America. In photo, team blocking attempt to shoot basket is called "Adelitas" of Guadalajara. What country is it from?

10. Here is one of two famous tennis players with the same nickname, both living in the United States and both of Spanish American origin. Do you know who he is and where he was born?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

BRICKBAT . . .

Dear Sirs:

I subscribed to your magazine *AMERICAS* because of my considerable interest in the interchange of cultural information between North America and South America. I am amazed at the silly articles presented in *AMERICAS*, which are undoubtedly intended to portray to South American people a picture of our country. The latest is, of course, "Flying Wrestler" in the October 1956 issue. If this portrayal of the worst side of the United States is good public relations with our southern neighbors, then I am crazy.

Stowe Wilder
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

AMERICAS regrets that Reader Wilder is unsympathetic toward the piece on the Argentine wrestler Antonino Rocca, who has been enormously popular in the United States. As evidence of the magazine's emphasis on cultural topics, we refer Reader Wilder to the November "Letters to the Editors" page, containing a complaint from a reader that *AMERICAS* is too "arty." One man's meat. . .

AND BOUQUET

Dear Sirs:

One article in the November copy of *AMERICAS* that touched me deeply . . . was "The People's Chronicle," by Lilo Linke.

AMERICAS means much to me. Having lived in Baltimore all my young life and never having met such people as novelist Alfredo Pareja Diezcanseco, you can imagine my excitement on reading his life and list of works. When I looked at the photograph of the group celebrating the first issue of the newspaper *El Sol*, I felt a deep kinship with these people whom I do not know, and have never seen. . . And a sort of nostalgia . . . arose in me for these faces, these places like Guayaquil and Quito.

What I wanted to say is this: I feel a . . . fellowship with the peoples your magazine represents, and to me that is the test of each issue's worth. Just keep them coming like that!

Lucile Vasich
Baltimore, Maryland

INTERNATIONAL THEATER

Dear Sirs:

Readers of *AMERICAS* in Mexico should know about an adventure there in international theater called Players, Inc. For the past four years this English-language company has produced thirty plays, many simultaneously with their New York and London runs and often as much as two years before a Spanish-language version plays in Mexico City.

In honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the noted Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen, Players will present a staged dramatic reading of his play *Ghosts* in December at Villalongin 32, in Mexico City. Admission is free. The choice is especially appropriate, since *Ghosts* was the first Ibsen play to be presented in Mexico; also, this is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the play itself, which was written in 1881.

The cast will include some of Players' finest professional and semi-professional actors, including Lysia Brossard, James Greenway, Mikki Schmidt, and Charles Fahey. I will direct, with Robert E. Friedemann as production associate. If this staged reading is successful, Players may present other plays of unusual merit that would not command a large enough public to warrant a regular production.

Edward Estes
Mexico City, Mexico

ATTACK ON BLINDNESS

Dear Sirs:

Modern advances in treatment and surgery of the eye will be emphasized at the IV Interim Congress of the Pan American Association of Ophthalmology and the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness in New York City from April 7 to 10. A comprehensive analysis will be made of diseases of the interior of the eye that are common to certain areas of Latin America, with discussion by authorities from those countries. In turn, diseases peculiar to the United States will be discussed by local physicians. Among the leading authorities to speak will be Dr. Moacyr Alvaro, of São Paulo, Brazil, past President of the Pan American Association of Ophthalmology.

The United States is fortunate in being the host to ninety per cent of the postgraduate medical students, who formerly traveled to Europe for special training in eye surgery and treatment. More than a hundred eye specialists from the New York area spent the month of January 1956 studying in the modern eye clinics of South America and attending the Congress of the Pan American Association of Ophthalmology in Santiago, Chile. The Ophthalmologists of the United States learned many valuable things on this visit and hope to return the hospitality in New York April 7 to 10, 1957.

As Mayor Robert E. Wagner—who will welcome several hundred distinguished eye physicians and social workers—has said, "Blindness is a major health problem all over the world, and is of great humanitarian and economic significance. New York City will welcome your deliberations here. . . ." Through the pages of *AMERICAS* we would like to urge doctors from Central and South America to attend.

Brittain F. Payne, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked *AMERICAS* to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), indicated below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

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The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.





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